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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1893

The Race of the Boomers

I

THE BLEAK o' the dawn, and the plain is a-smoke with the breath
of the frost,
And the murmur of bearded men is an ominous sound in the ear;
The white tents liken the ground to a flower-meadow embossed
By the bloom of the daisy sweet, for a sign that the June is here.

II

They are faring from countless camps, afoot or ahorse, may be,
The blood of many a folk may flow in their bounding veins,
But, stung by the age-old lust for land and for liberty,
They have ridden or run or rolled in the mile-engulfing trains.

III

More than the love of loot, mightier than woman's lure,
The passion that speeds them on, the hope that is in their breast:
They think to possess the soil, to have and to hold it sure,
To make it give forth of fruit in this garden wide of the West.

IV

But see! It is sun-up now, and six hours hence is noon;
The crowd grows thick as the dust that muffles the roads this way:
The black-leg stays from his cards, the song-man ceases his tune,
And the grey-haired parson deems it is idle to preach and pray.

V

Now thirst is a present pain and hunger a coming dread,
Water is dear as gold, as the heat grows fierce apace:
Theft is a common deed for the price of a bit of bread,
And poison has played its part to sully the morning's face,

VI

And over the mete away the prairie is parched and dry,
A creature of mighty moods, an ocean of moveless waves;
Clean of a single soul, silent beneath the sky,
Waiting its peopled towns, with room for a host of graves.

VII

The hours reel on, and tense as a bow-cord drawn full taut
Is the thought of the Boomers all: a sight that is touched
with awe;
A huddle of men and horse to the frenzy pitch upwrought,
A welter of human-kind in the viewless grip of the Law.

VIII

Lo! women are in the press, by scores they are yonder come
To find a footing in front—ah, how can they gain a place?
Nay, softly, even here in the rabble are harbored some
Who think of their mothers, wives, who remember a fairer face;

IX

For the black mass yawns to let these weak ones into the line,
While as many men fall back: 'tis knighthood nameless and
great,
Since it means good-bye to a claim—yea, the end of a dream divine,
To be lord of the land, and free for to follow a larger fate.

X

High noon: with a fusillade of guns and a deep, hoarse roar,
With a panting of short, sharp breaths in the mad desire to win,
Over the mystic mark the seething thousands pour,
As the zenith sun glares down on the rush and the demon's din.

XI

God! what a race: all life merged in the arrowy flight;
Trample the brother down, murder, if need be so,
Ride like the wind and reach the Promised Land ere night,
The Strip is open, is ours, to build on, harrow and sow.

XII

There comes a Horror of flame, for look, the grass is afire!
On, or it licks our feet, on, or it chokes our breath!
Swift through the cactus fly, swift, for it kindles higher;
Home and love and life—or the hell of an awful death.

XIII

So, spent and bruised and scorched, down trails thick-strewn with
hopes
A-wreck, did the Boomers race to the place they would attain;
Seizing it, scot and lot, ringing it round with ropes,
The homes they had straitly won through fire and blood and pain.

XIV

While ever up from the earth, or fallen far through the air,
Goes a shuddering ethnic moan, the saddest of all sad sounds;
The cry of an outraged race that is driven elsewhere,
The Indian's heart-wrung wail for his hapless Hunting Grounds.
HARTFORD, CONN. RICHARD BURTON.

Literature

Comparative Religion

1. *The Influence of Buddhism on Primitive Christianity.* By Arthur Lillie. \$1. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 2. *Theosophy or Psychological Religion. The Gifford Lectures; Delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1892.* By F. Max Müller. \$3. Longmans, Green & Co. 3. *Religion and Myth.* By the Rev. James Macdonald. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE COMPARATIVE STUDY of the religions of the world is inevitably destined to become a most important department of Christian apologetics; but it is a study that requires, not only solid learning, but also a judicial temper of mind. This temper is wanting in Mr. Arthur Lillie when he essays to show the "Influence of Buddhism on Primitive Christianity" (1). What Mr. Lillie does measurably succeed in demonstrating is the possible influence of Oriental thought (perhaps Buddhist, perhaps Brahman) upon some of the apocryphal writings of the second to the fourth century of the Christian era; also a problematic effect of Persian or Hindu theosophies upon the inventors of certain gnostic systems, and finally the similarity of the Buddhist myth to the Gospel narrative, and of the Buddhist ceremonial to the rites of some Christian communions. Now, whether the myth and ceremonial of the Buddhist Church be certainly anterior to that of the Christian signifies little, even if it were proved, but proved it has not yet been. The real point lies yet deeper than Mr. Lillie has penetrated; it lies in the fundamental character of the religions in question—Christianity and Buddhism. In their motive and purpose, these religions are as wide asunder as the east and the west. Buddhism teaches self-denial as the means of extinguishing personal and individual existence; Christianity inculcates the same as the way to the attainment of the most positive, intense and enduring individual existence. It is this fundamental antagonism that renders all apparent and superficial likenesses between the two cults of small significance.

As Mr. Lillie's book is a sample of how the comparative study of religion should not be pursued, so Prof. Max Müller's "Theosophy, or Psychological Religion" (2) is a grand and inspiring example of the true and scientific method. We say this the more gladly because we feel convinced that, in some of his previous lectures, the author pressed the linguistic argument beyond its province, and also that in the departments of anthropology and archaeology, he was not on his own ground. In this book he deals very fully with the subject that has been the study of his life. The material is fresh, the thought mature and the treatment masterly. There is such a wealth of material contributed in this volume to the science of comparative religion that merely to index it we cannot afford sufficient space. The journey of the soul after death is traced in the Hindu sacred writings, in the Persian Avesta, in the Jewish folk-lore (as recorded in mediæval Hebrew theological books), in the religion of Mohammed, in the Sagas of the Norse, in the speculations of Greek

philosophers and in the writing of Dionysius the Areopagite and the scholastic theologians who learned from him. The sweep of the learning is wide. We venture to say that nowhere, in the English language at any rate, is there so thorough and luminous an exposition of the Vedantic theology of India as we find in this work. The author points out the continuity of some fundamental religious ideas as they run through the Vedas of Hinduism, through the later developments of Buddhism, through the Talmud, through the Platonic system and the Alexandrian mystical phase of Platonism, through some of the gnostic systems borrowed straight from Buddhism, through the works of Philo the Jew and through the utterances of the mystics of Catholicism, Eckhart, Ruysbroek, Heinrich Suso, Tauler and their like. The pages on the development of the idea of the Logos are of deep interest to the student of Christian theology.

To show the meaning which the author attaches to the title of this book, we quote his own words:—"What I wish to make quite clear to you is that there is in Christianity more theosophy than in any other religion, if we use that word in its right meaning, as comprehending whatever of wisdom has been vouchsafed to man touching things divine." To these words, which explain the author's title, and are apt to be misunderstood, we add his definition of the function of the science of comparative religion, also apt in these days to be suspected by conservative minds of being a little radical in its tendency:—"I still believe that by vindicating the true historical position of Christianity, and by showing the position which it holds by right among the religions of the world, *without reference to or reliance upon any supposed special, exceptional or so-called miraculous revelation*, I may have fulfilled the real intention of the founder of this lectureship better than I could have done in any other way" (the italics are the author's). It is a book well repaying a careful study, though there are statements and conjectures with which we cannot agree. After all, no one is infallible always—perhaps not even the book-reviewer!

From Max Müller's strong and rich contribution to theology we pass to another valuable work in the domain of comparative religion—"Religion and Myth" (3), by a Scotch Presbyterian minister. This begins with the earliest stages in the development of theological notions by primitive men, especially Africans. He traces the origin of theories of substitutionary and propitiatory sacrifice which have been read into Christian theology and into the interpretation of the Pauline writings. Incidentally, he throws light upon the import of scattered passages in the Old Testament also. We cannot afford space for samples of the curious and significant data which fill these pages, but would commend to the reader and student of religion the author's concluding words:—"Ethnology may not be a suitable study for savage men, but he who would teach his primitive brother can have no better mental equipment than a thorough understanding of the process by which nations develop and the paths that have in the past led to progress. The Church that first adopts for her intending missionaries the study of Comparative Religion as a substitute for subjects now taught, will lead the van in the path of true progress in that department of Christian work which has in it the greatest possibilities for the future of the world." These are words well worth careful consideration, and we trust that they will bring forth fruit. The day is nearing when comparative religion and Christianity will be the topic of prime importance in the curriculum of any good theological school; for only by its use can we arrive at a true comprehension of the meaning of many parts of Holy Scripture; and at a critical and just appreciation of the results of the nineteen centuries of theological thought. In such a course of study and instruction, the works of Max Müller and Mr. Macdonald, which we here notice, will serve a useful purpose. They demonstrate, as no dogmatic assumptions can, the unique power of the religion of Jesus the Christ, and the power by which, in former ages, without the aid of theories now supposed to be necessary to faith, it conquered the world.

"Darwin and Hegel"

With Other Philosophical Essays. By David G. Ritchie. 2s. 6d. Macmillan & Co.

THIS VOLUME contains nine essays on various philosophical and political themes, all of which had previously been published in certain periodicals, some English and some American. The author is already known to the public by his works on Darwinism and Politics and "The Principles of State Interference"; and in the present volume he treats in the main of similar subjects. The essay that gives name to the book is in our opinion one of the weakest of all, revealing as it does a confusion of thought on some of the highest philosophic themes, and indicating that the author has not fully thought out the necessary implications of the doctrines he advocates. It is an attempt to show that the main tenets of Hegel's philosophy are perfectly in accord with the theory of evolution by natural selection as taught by Darwin. But whatever may be the faults or the excellences of either Darwin or Hegel, their doctrines in many respects, and their methods of reasoning and proof in particular, are hardly more compatible than oil and water. Nor can we think that Mr. Ritchie is much more successful in the essay on the nature of reality; for, though he distinguishes with care between the various meanings of the word reality, he fails entirely, as it seems to us, to answer the objections to idealism, which was his object in writing the essay.

The best paper in the book, perhaps, is the first, on "Origin and Validity," in which Mr. Ritchie endeavors to show in what way the so-called historical method of investigation is related to the philosophical. Many persons who are addicted to the study of history appear to think that the laws of things can be discovered by the simple collection of historical facts, and that, when they have shown how a belief or an institution has come to be, they have told us everything about it that we need to know. Mr. Ritchie is under no such delusion. He points out that "the question for the logician is not 'how have I or mankind generally come to believe this?' but 'why am I or any one else justified in believing this?'" So also in regard to an institution, the story of how it has come to be, does not help us at all in deciding whether it is useful or injurious now. This line of thought is followed out in some of the other papers in this volume, particularly in the interesting one on the history of the social contract theory; and we wish that all writers on political and social subjects had as clear a view of the proper function of historical studies as Mr. Ritchie has. The paper entitled "What are Economic Laws?" vindicates the scientific character of such laws, and shows the distinction between economic and moral laws. The concluding essay, which treats of "The Rights of Minorities," takes the reasonable ground that the essential right of minorities is "the right to turn themselves into majorities if they can," together with the freedom which that right implies. There are other papers in the volume which we have not space to notice; but we have said enough to show the general character of the book and its usefulness to those who are studying the subjects with which it deals.

"The Department of State of the United States"

Its History and Functions. By Gaillard Hunt. Washington: Published by the Department.

THE WRITER of an essay on the development of the executive departments once said that "present institutions are generally a result of negative experiences." The Department of State is no exception to this statement, which, after all, is only an epigrammatic way of saying that the functions of government, like those of other organisms, adapt themselves to existing requirements. Mr. Hunt's book furnishes excellent material for a study of the evolution of one branch of our Government. The experiences of the Colonies with the Kings of England had engendered in them such aversion to one-man rule that they adopted the committee system, wherever possible; and in the Committee of Secret Correspondence, as Mr. Hunt shows, lay the germ of our

present Department of State. But, even under the Confederation, the inefficacy of the committee system was apparent, and it became necessary to confide the correspondence with foreign powers to a single individual. Jay, the last Secretary under the Confederation, succeeded by continuance to the Secretaryship under the Constitution, and performed the business of the office, with the assistance of one deputy and two clerks. From his time to the present, the growth of the Department has been coincident with the rise in rank of the United States among the nations of the world. This development has been marked by a corresponding perfection of routine and a relinquishment of duties which, as in the case of the registration of patents and of the census enumeration, have been handed over to other branches of the Executive.

While the whole cabinet system offers a tempting field for monographic treatment, the fact that the Department of State is the principal repository of our historical records heightens its interest to the student. It is to be regretted that the United States has not followed the example of European powers in making systematic and adequate provision for the collection, from the records of foreign nations of papers relating to our history, and for printing these, together with the documents already in its possession, for the use of historical students. The English Records Office, with its Rolls Series of publications, has been of inestimable value in writing the history of England; and, in this country, the example of New York, in publishing the documents relating to its history, is worthy of imitation by the National Government. At the very least, the papers now on file should be put in charge of a force of trained archivists and rendered accessible. Something has been done in this direction by the publication of the Rebellion Records by the War Department; but the papers relating to the formative period of the nation are still beyond the reach of most students. What can be accomplished in this direction by private efforts may be seen in the monumental collection of "Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives," issued by the American, B. F. Stevens, in London.

In the preparation of the present work, the author states, the Department archives have been made, as far as possible, to tell their own story. The result is a bare statement of facts, Mr. Hunt's object being merely to give a brief history of the formation of the Department and to show its duties, past and present. He has succeeded in this; and that part of the volume describing the present machinery and methods is especially interesting as a picture of one phase of the Executive. The work will be of considerable assistance to the future historian desirous of preparing a philosophical discussion of the subject, its information being rendered easily accessible by the index.

Poets as Interpreters

Poets the Interpreters of their Age. By Anna Swanwick. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.

ALL GEOLOGY is not of the earth earthy. There is an intellectual geology more important still, frequently misdesignated archaeology, by which we pierce and fathom the thought and life of prehistoric races, and are enabled to judge approximately of their knowledge. Miss Swanwick has attacked the poetical section of this new science because her affinities were naturally with the poets, and because she has long been distinguished as the lover and translator of Æschylus and Goethe. What we know of prehistoric paganism in India, in Egypt, in Persia, in Greece has recorded itself as infallibly in Veda and Avesta, in papyrus-roll and Homeric poem, as the zoöphyte records itself for the petrologist in the coral isle: all that we have to do is to work with the philologist's chisel, under the guidance of caution and commonsense, to loosen and release the nuggets of precious knowledge which lie imbedded in the Indian hymns, the Zoroastrian philosophies, the Books of the Dead or the Iliad and the Odyssey. The amount and value of the result will depend upon the skill of the interpreter-miner. Hundreds of careless eyes scan the spot whence carats of

priceless jewels are drawn by the clairvoyance of others. The verbal commentator may see only grammar in the precious products of Sanskrit religious art; until presently a Müller or a Whitney comes along, inspects the uninteresting mass and discovers in it a mine of the intellectual geology of which we have spoken—a fabulous Golconda of records of doings a score of centuries before Christ, quite invaluable to the student of anthropology.

Miss Swanwick follows this line of discovery—long ago pointed out and used by others—for Homer, Beowulf, the Eddas, the Kalevala and all the great anonymous epics—with special regard to the poets. These, from the times of the Aryans and of Hellas, she takes to be the truest exponents, the least curving mirrors of their age, and from them she extracts a mass of encyclopædic information about their times. Her treatment is slight but graceful; it could not but be slight when one small volume suffices to cover Asia and Europe, with all their wealth of poetic light and beauty; it is graceful because of Miss Swanwick's dexterity in the use of her material, and inherent feminine tact in handling it. Abundant quotations put the reader in possession of her point of view and exhibit her powers of selection and analysis. The texts she selects are not invariably the best, and an occasional misspelling or misprint, as in the Chaucer extract (page 154), mars the sense to the point of unintelligibility; but her knowledge is varied and profound, and she shows well how deftly the poets can be made to illustrate all the learning of their time.

"The Poems of Arthur Henry Hallam"

Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Le Gallienne. Macmillan & Co.

SELDOM DOES ONE FIND a more graceful piece of writing than the Introduction furnished by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne to "The Poems of Arthur Henry Hallam," which he has edited recently. Seldom, too, one finds a book whose mechanical features are so thoroughly in keeping with its contents: a more exquisite book, as a book alone, it were hard to imagine. The name of Arthur Hallam is familiar to most persons as that of him in whose memory Alfred Tennyson found the inspiration for his highest and noblest poetic achievement. "History," says Mr. Le Gallienne, "blesses us with many legends of great friendships, but none more beautiful than that of the friendship of Arthur Hallam for Alfred Tennyson." Small as is the body of verse in this book, it makes us realize the quality of the genius which created it; and when one remembers that all of Hallam's work was done before he was twenty-three, one can in a measure understand what the possibilities of such a life were. Writing of the poems, Mr. Le Gallienne justly remarks:—"The books and places and hours he loved; his gentle, sensitive spirit; his high ideals: we gain intimate glimpses of all in these poems, often so beautiful for their own sake, and, happiest fortune of all, intimate glimpses of that 'lovely and pleasant' friendship which was the crowning sanctity of two noble lives. Alfred Tennyson was given years to build and beautify the immortal monument of their love. Arthur Hallam was given such little time. But he has left his witness behind him, for all that, in the precious little sheaf of those poems that here make sweeter his sweet memory." One is interested to read here Hallam's poem "Timbuctoo," written in competition with Tennyson for the Chancellor's Prize Poem at Cambridge. But the most striking things in the volume are to be found among the sonnets; one of the best of which, written at Edinburgh, we must quote:—

"Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be!
Yea, an imperial city, that might hold
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with the might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery
Might stand compare, highest in arts enroll'd,
Highest in arms; brave tenement for the free,
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.
Thus should her towers be raised—with vicinage
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,

As if to vindicate 'mid choicest seats
Of art, abiding Nature's majesty,
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage
Chainless alike, and teaching Liberty."

This is the kind of verse Arthur Hallam could write at the age of eighteen!

Included in this volume is the author's "Essay on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson," which, though it have faults of immaturity, is a singularly accurate analysis of "the genius which he was given to see only in the bud." All lovers of poetry, and particularly the admirers of the great Laureate, will be sure to welcome this volume, and to thank Mr. Le Gallienne for his admirably written and delightfully sympathetic introductory essay.

Theological and Religious

"A SKETCH OF THE History of the Apostolic Church" comes to us from Prof. Oliver J. Thatcher of the University of Chicago. The story of the rapid spread of Christianity seems more like a miracle than some of those instances in the Bible story which are so called. Within the lifetime of most of us who are not yet old, there have come to us, as by resurrection, many early Christian documents which were unknown to our fathers, except by reference; whereas, we have them in text. These have been studied, criticized and appraised by European scholars, chief among whom is Prof. Adolf Harnack. As one of the pupils of the great Berlin scholars, Prof. Thatcher is full of the enthusiasm of the master interpreter, and also seems ambitious to be eminently accurate and careful in statements, while yet making a most readable story. The volume opens without introduction or preliminary and goes right on to the goal, which is the separation of Christianity from Judaism, consummated at the destruction of Jerusalem. There is an index of Scripture texts and an appendix on chronology. The story pictures the condition of the world at the time of Christ, the expansion of Judaism and the spread of Christianity. Very interesting and luminous is the account of the Church in Jerusalem during the first fourteen years, chiefly from the writings of Paul and the book of Acts. With the finest application of all modern critical and literary aids, the author shows how the Jewish bonds were broken. At first the new religion and the old, as born from the same parent, were, like the Siamese twins, held by a ligament the cutting of which seemed to mean death to both. Nevertheless both the Jews and the Christians lived on, the former proceeding to make the Talmud, and the Christians the New Testament. Paul is the central figure in the narrative. The opposition to Christianity in its various forms is pictured with skill and power. In the chapter on "Authorities, Government and Worship" the author is commendably brief, judicial in statement and cautious not to overstate facts. We heartily recommend this book for study, both by laymen and the busy clergymen who cannot keep up with the details of scholarly progress. (\$1.75. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

DR. JOSIAH STRONG is often called the "Father of 'Our Country.'" He won his title from a widely read book, which is now in its one hundred and sixtieth thousand. Dr. Strong has followed up his first work by writing the volume which is now in our hands, entitled, "The New Era; or, The Coming Kingdom." Briefly stated, the work is an attempt to apply the fundamental principles to the solution of some of the greatest problems of our times, and to reading history, both made and making, in the light of Christianity. He considers that the 19th century is one of preparation, for since the year 1800 eight hundred millions of people, whom he foolishly calls "heathen," have been brought within the reach of modern civilization. Dr. Strong ought to be up to the times and to read the revised version of the Bible, which drops the word "heathen," which, as used by Europeans, was never in the original Scriptures, and substitutes "gentiles," "nations," etc. The heathen are now for the most part Christians, and it is absurd to call polished and educated Brahmans, Chinese, Japanese, etc., "heathen," though the name may well apply to some of the tribes of Africa and Asia. Dr. Strong, in treating of the human race, thinks that progress toward a perfect society will be much more rapid in the future than in the past. He mourns the fact that the New England stock is dying out because cultivation reduces fecundity. The third chapter is a brilliant one, treating of the contribution made by the three great races of antiquity. He then dwells upon the contribution made by those Teutonic people who came over into England and whom he calls Anglo-Saxons. He is not, however, given entirely to a survey of the past, but, in an apologetic chapter, he treats of the authoritative teacher, Jesus, and of his widening influence. Popular discontent, the problem of the country and the city, the separation of the masses from the Church are acknowl-

edged and the needs pointed out. He urges the necessity of new methods of personal contact and of co-operation, preaching eloquently, in the last chapter, an enthusiasm for humanity. He is heartily in sympathy with the modern methods of Church work, such as institutional churches, fellowship meetings, county missionaries and the like. We greatly fear that on account of its length and its less sprightly style, this book will not be such a favorite as the other; but of its great value to the Christian student and thinker, there can be no question. It is rich and inspiring. The book has a first-rate index. (75 cts. Baker & Taylor Co.)

THOSE WHO REMEMBER the late O. H. Tiffany, D.D., LL.D., will welcome the memorial volume entitled "Pulpit and Platform: Sermons and Addresses." It is a well-printed book containing twelve selected sermons and four interesting addresses. The introduction is written by Bishop John F. Hurst; the selection has been tastefully made and shows how varied and fresh were the author's ministrations. The addresses treat mostly of national themes. They show the fruits of a scholarly life, and that the author was a master of clear and beautiful English, over which, even in his ordinary sermons, was usually cast a fascinating gloss of style. The address on oratory and the preparation in study ought to stimulate clergymen to a higher ideal in their pulpit ministrations. (\$1.25. Hunt & Eaton.)—TAKING OLD FATHER TIME by the foremost hair of his forelock, the authors and publishers of the "Illustrative Notes on the Sunday-school Lessons for 1894" send us their completed volume. The Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut and Robert R. Doherty, Ph.D., have gathered the rich thoughts from the wide range of writers, adding criticism, illustrations, maps, references, of literature and almost all that could be desired for the illumination and expansion of the Scripture text. The first six months treat of the Old Testament and the last six of the life of Christ. The general trend of the compilers is conservative. The literature to which they refer is almost entirely that of the older authors, so that any one desirous of utilizing the higher criticism will be disappointed in the book; while those who elect the old and beaten paths will find what they desire. (\$1.25. Hunt & Eaton.)

WITH PRIMITIVE MAN religion is much more a matter of ceremony than of theology of any sort or degree. The mere physical impulse; the spontaneous discharge of nervous energy accounts for the origin of the dance, which is the norm of all religious worship. When the early man wonders he questions, then theorizes, and this accounts for the rise of myth and theology, using the latter word in its broadest sense. The child man suspects that the world, or the spirits of the world, will do as he does, therefore early religious ceremonies are mimetic. We see this clearly in the Na-ac-nai-ya, which Dr. J. W. Fewkes describes so carefully. ("The Na-ac-nai-ya." Boston). The dancers are drenched to ensure good rains; to secure a seasonable warmth the fire makers perform; for the sake of snow, the Tusayan dancer paints white clouds. This idea has developed a little further in Africa, where, as Mr. Macdonald tells us, the King of Ashantee, thinks that when he sits the gods sit, when he rises the gods rise, and when he dances the gods all dance. It is curious to find the identical idea in Dr. Fewkes's account of a Central American dance to make rain ("A Central American Ceremony Which Suggests the Snakedance of the Tusayan Villagers," Washington: Judd & Detweiler) called "The Festival of the Water Pancakes," or, "Where one Makes Luck," or, "Where all the Gods Dance." In passing, we say that the original contributions to anthropology which this last-named author is making, are of a quality to make his fellow countrymen proud. America offers a singularly rich field for the study of origins. In comparing Dr. Fewkes's accounts of the ceremonies of the American savage with J. Macdonald's discussion of the custom and myth of the African savage ("Religion and Myth," \$2.25, imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), one is struck by the thought of the apparent kinship of the races. It may not be easy to trace the mimetic idea in every religious ceremony, however clearly it may be evident in the savage mask-dances, which are the origin of the liturgy and the drama alike; for the notions become complex and fixed in the course of the evolution; yet no doubt the primitive belief in what has been called "sympathetic magic" underlies the entire system of the ceremonial of ethnic religions. We trace this notion in the theory of witchcraft and *tabus* in Mr. Macdonald's pages, and in the customs of wager, ordeal, and torture, as detailed in the learned work of Henry C. Lea ("Superstition and Force," \$2.75, Lea Bros. & Co.) Mr. Lea has given a really exhaustive account of these curious customs, which have survived from the primitive conditions of the human race down to modern times. A form of ordeal familiar to all our readers is that prescribed in the Old Testament, beginning Numbers, V. 12. The oath in courts of law is a survival of this ancient custom. "The anthro-

panoramic mythology of Hellas presents the idea in its most concrete form by the most solemn oath of the gods, taken on the water of Styx brought in a vase for the purpose, perjury of which was followed by a year of stupor and nine years of segregation from all fellowship with the brother immortals." Mr. Lea's well-known book reappears in a new edition.

THE EDITORS of *The Andover Review*, some six or more years ago, made a statement of their religious ideas in a little volume called "Progressive Orthodoxy." It was then clearly shown that their teaching was as far away from Unitarianism as from the old dogmatic statements of the Westminster Confession. They now issue a second volume of the same modest size, with the descriptive title, "The Divinity of Jesus Christ." There is a feeling abroad that theological dogma conceals the real Jesus; there is need of reinvestigation and restatement, and they seek to meet the need of the times. They show that Jesus Christ believed himself to be a divine being; that in the earlier Christian teachings and documents his pre-existence is implied. In the early Church, Christ is the author of the new life; Christ is the head of the organism. There are no marks of later deification by a theological evolution. The origin of the Christian life can be explained only by this belief in the divinity of Jesus. In chapter seven, this divine human personality is eloquently portrayed, and in a crowning chapter of great beauty and power, the satisfaction of the human heart in Christ, as the secret and measure of his power, is proved. The true and essential sonship of Christ is the pledge of the fatherhood of God. He reversed the order of sacrifice, making it not from man to God, but from God to man. He uplifts humanity because he is above it. In a word, here is the clearest of testimonies to the true divinity of the Lord Jesus, and it is borne by those religious teachers who, after not a little opposition from men whose interests are largely with the past, are increasingly trusted and honored by the men who live in and for the present and future, as well as hold to the old simplicity of Christianity. (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A COMELY VOLUME of "Sermons preached in St. John's Church, Washington, D. C.," is issued by the Rev. George William Douglas, S.T.D. Dr. Douglas was for a number of years rector of the famous St. John's Church, where for so many years a number of the great men of our country have worshipped. A scholarly preacher, Dr. Douglas has, beside steeping his mind in the thoughts of the great inspired teachers, enriched his style by the reading of the modern prophets of the Holy Catholic Church. The twenty-one sermons show a broad range of topics which find their centre of interest in the Christ. The spirit of the preacher is genuinely Christian. Evidently too, the author has come home closely to the lives of men in struggle and suffering, as well as in achievement and aspiration. He sees the ideal side of life, and his sermon on "The Importance of the Christian Vision" is specially in point. He argues also that life is unreasonable unless immortal. While strong in his utterance of truths which are the common property of the Church of Christ, he is also strenuous in his insistence on the authority of the Church as organized, especially of that branch in which he was a servant. Altogether, the volume gives one the impression of a magnetic personality, and of a strong and faithful servant of the Master. (\$1.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—IN "THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM" the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon gives a popular exposition of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. The work is in Mr. Spurgeon's unmistakable style, and his characteristic exegesis, comment and homiletical improvement are here in all their force, as of old. It is a kind of exegesis and method which the world is fast outliving. The unmistakable limits and thoughts of the volume do not, however, for a moment, conceal the warmth and unction of the preacher's diction. Whatever were his human infirmities he had power to illuminate the word, and the book will be read by the tens of thousands who value all that has come from his pen. The introductory note by Mrs. Spurgeon, advertised on the title-page, does not appear in our copy, but there is a brief introduction by the Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierce. (\$1.50. The Baker & Taylor Co.)

DESPITE THE COMMAND of the Lord Jesus to "call no man your father upon the earth," Edward, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, adds a preface to a work written by F. W. Paller and calls him father. This Father Paller who is of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley, is a patristic scholar, probably having no superior as such in the United Kingdom. He has written a book entitled "The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome." He proves, by elaborate argument and quotation from the early Christian fathers and pagan writers, that the Popes have no divinely given primacy of jurisdiction. He discusses the position of the Bishop of Rome in ante-Nicene times; tells us all about the Clementine romance and the Petrine legend, and shows the relation of Peter to

the apostolic clergy and to the church. He sketches the growth of the Papal power to the end of the pontificate of Damasus and during the sixty years following his death. The second part of the work argues that communion with the Roman See is not a necessary condition of membership in the Catholic Church. The work is one of technical scholarship, and the reasoning is exceedingly close. To our own mind the author has made a brilliant and a well-founded argument. While the book is unquestionably written to strengthen the Anglican Church and its claims, it will be of great value, also, to all those Christians who deny the validity of the claims of either the Anglican, the Roman or the Greek forms of the Christian faith and order. In a word, out of this arsenal both the high and the low ecclesiastic, the State churchman and the free churchman can get potent weapons. (\$2.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)—FAITH AND CRITICISM are treated of in the free fashion of Independency by nine Congregational clergymen in England. Without pretending to any systematic arrangement, they discuss "The Old and New Testament," "Revelation and the Person of Christ," "Christ and the Christian," "The Atonement," "Prayer in Theory and Practice," "The Kingdom of the Church," "Christian Missions," and "The Church and State." These gentlemen are all scholarly men, some of them professors, one an editor; and all of them in constant contact with modern life, as well as with books old and new. The methods of the higher criticism are cordially accepted, and one of the most interesting papers is that by Prof. Bennett of Hackney College, on "The Old Testament." The most interesting paper, to our mind, is that on "The Atonement," by the Rev. R. F. Horton, who recently gave the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale Divinity School. He finds that the Bible does not teach any theory of the atonement, though full of the vital truth and giving many views on many sides of the great truth. The essay on "Church and State," while of course heartily in favor of disestablishment, corrects many false ideas which may be nursed both by State-churchmen and free churchmen. On the whole this book is exceedingly suggestive. It is a tide-mark showing how much further advanced in the freedom of theological inquiry and utterance of the vital truth the English pulpit is, as compared with the American. (\$2. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"THE PROPHECIES OF DANIEL," expounded by Milton S. Terry, S.T.D., form a little book richly packed with suggestive material. This is not a commentary in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather a series of exegetical essays on the apocalyptic portions of the book. The little manual is scholarly and is likely to correct some of the unsound methods of interpretation. Those who consider that the chief mission of Daniel during the time of the Babylonian exile was to foretell the rise and fall of the Roman Papacy will be woefully disappointed; those also who expect to find a prophetic syllabus of European politics will be greatly put out. The author is undogmatic but suggestive. He does not seem to care or know whether the book was written during the exile or in the time of the Maccabees. Devoutly reverent, he finds in the book a magnificent conception of the Kingdom of Heaven. In detail his work seems to us of the first order, and himself to be a master of the best ancient and modern literature of his theme. Carefully discriminating between chaff and grain, between gold and pyrites, he furnishes a heap of wheat in a setting of gold. (75 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)—EMILY OLIVER GIBBES wrestles with the problem of the origin of sin, and comes off vastly worse than Jacob did in his tussle with the angel. Her remarkable hodge-podge of incoherent ideas is entitled "The Origin of Sin and Dotted Words in the Hebrew Bible." We are not certain, after reading her chapter on the origin of sin, whether or not she argues that it came to this planet on a meteorite; yet this seems to be her conviction. She has heard that there are certain passages in the Hebrew Bible marked with dots and thus emphasized, and so, although she does not read Hebrew, she picks out a large number of passages of the Old Testament and places alongside of them certain selected passages from the New Testament which she thinks explain those from the Old. Then follow a chapter on the "Religions of the East," various reflections, and a collection of remarks on various subjects which would be interesting if there were some orderly connection, or if they could show any respectable reason for existence in print. Each chapter is ambitiously entitled a "book," so that we have eleven books in brief compass. In short, one gets a great deal for the money. (\$1.25. Charles T. Dillingham & Co.)

"DID MOSES WRITE THE PENTATEUCH AFTER ALL?" The question is asked in the form of a book-title, by the Rev. F. E. Spencer, M. A., an English Vicar at Haggerston, in the Diocese of London. The method of reply is emotional and rambling rather than judicial and exact. There is a good deal of homiletical matter, with some show of learning, and not a little printing of Hebrew vocabularies on the page, but we do not see that Mr. Spencer gives a sat-

isfactory answer to the query. In his view, the affirmative is the only one. Over against the "unreality of the supposed documents or sources," which critical scholars, with a practical unanimity, find in the Pentateuch, he sets forth in detail "the historical color and accuracy" of what critics insist is a composite and mosaic but not wholly a Mosaic literary structure. In his chapter on History, we find as many subjective and *a priori* arguments as in Driver, and in that on the Legislation more assertions than arguments. He explains the varieties of literary style in the Pentateuch by claiming that Moses "found collaborators in his literary, historical" and other work (p. 167) which to us seems a dangerous admission on his part, looking to ultimate surrender. Especially is this the case in his talk about "the aid of unknown collaborators," and of Moses's being "responsible for the Pentateuch as a whole, but not responsible unaided." Here we are reminded of those dummy editors kept by French and Japanese editors, who in court acknowledge their "responsibility," and take their imprisonment as a matter of course, while their salary goes on, only to take fresh responsibility when the government censor again prosecutes. This and several similar pages suffice to show that the chief aim of Mr. Spencer's book is less to demolish the main critical theory on which scholars substantially agree, than to delay its inevitable coming. He says:—"The Pentateuch must also have passed through several editions, of which one can scarcely, with probability, be refused to the age of Solomon, and of which the last can with some degree of confidence be attributed to Ezra and the men of his day." Exactly so. In the last chapter, there is "an attempt to meet some difficulties by certain historical aphorisms. Excepting here and there a just criticism on Dr. Driver, the work is couched in too antiquated a style of argument and has too slender an equipment of scholarship to be of much value. (London: Elliot Stock.)

New Books and New Editions

MR. E. C. TAINSH'S "Study of Tennyson's Works," the first and second editions of which were published in 1868 and 1869, has been long out of print. He now publishes a new edition, "completed and largely rewritten," which will be welcome to those who remember the excellent quality of much matter in the earlier issues, and which may be cordially commended to the younger generation of students of Tennyson to whom the critic's name and work are as yet unknown. The introductory chapter on "General Principles" and the chapters on "The Early Philosophical Poems" and "In Memoriam" (the latter filling eighty pages, and being particularly good) stand mainly as in the original book; but the rest is either new, dealing as it does with poems published since 1869, or has been materially modified. The chapter on "The Supernatural or Preternatural in Tennyson" criticises too severely, we think, the introduction of certain presentiments and other "preternatural" features in "Enoch Arden," "Aylmer's Field," "The Ring," and other of the later poems. After first condemning these Mr. Tainsh withdrew the objection "in the belief that the preternaturalism was justified by some of the phenomena of spiritualism," in which he says he "was for a time entangled." Now that he has come to believe that spiritualism, whether its phenomena be real or spurious, "is in itself unclean" and false, he reaffirms his original strictures with increased emphasis. The chapter on this subject is more curious than convincing, and seems to us the weakest portion of the book, which on the whole is a notable contribution to Tennysonian criticism. (\$1.75. Macmillan & Co.)

"THE TOURIST'S ATLAS-GUIDE to the Continent of Europe" is a compact duodecimo volume in red cloth, with rounded corners, making it conveniently pocketable, and containing 168 maps of countries (some in several sections) and cities, interspersed with concise notes on the leading cities—Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, Hamburg, Berlin, Munich, Florence, Rome, Madrid and others. The maps are by Bartholomew of Edinburgh, who has no peer in that line of work, and are remarkably accurate and well up with the times on railway lines and other variable details. In Switzerland, for instance, the lines to Zermatt, Lauterbrunnen, Mürren and Grindelwald appear; and the only omission we note (aside from some mountain railways too short to be represented in maps on so small a scale) is the line to Cluses, on the route from Geneva to Chamouni, opened two years or more ago. Many of the maps are printed in colors, and it would be better if the rest were—or at least those that include lakes or other bodies of water. In a map like No. 104 (Lake Geneva and its vicinity) it is not easy to make out the limits of the lake, bounded as it is by a fine black line, like so many others on the map. The notes on cities give lists of railway stations, leading hotels (often with their rates), restaurants, theatres, museums, galleries, public buildings, etc. These are excellent, so far as they go. The chief value of the book, however, will be as a supplement to the ordinary

guide-books, none of which—not even the Baedekers and Murrays—give nearly as many maps. The tourist should certainly take the book along with him; and it will also be convenient and useful for purposes of reference at home, especially for the maps of cities and their environs, which are not to be found in the ordinary atlases. It is wonderfully cheap. (\$1.75. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

LEON DE TINSEAU'S lively description of his tour "In Norway" has been translated from the French, with the author's permission, by Florence Belknap, and brought out in a neat pocket edition, printed at Sceaux and bound in paper covers after the Gallic fashion. It is illustrated by photogravures, most of which are from the plates of the author and the Vicountess of Savigny, one of the friends who accompanied him on the journey. It is a pity that the sprightly narrative is "Englished" so clumsily. Here and there it is absolutely unintelligible to one unacquainted with French; as, for instance, when a Sunday service is called "the dominical service," and Norwegian wood-carvings are referred to as "wood in its fanciful forms." The shore of Norway is "the literal of Norway," the misprint adding obscurity to the too literal rendering of the original *littoral*. Sentences abound which are as awkward as this from the account of Bergen:—"The sum total of the transactions operated in this city of 50,000 inhabitants is formidable." This is no more English than such expressions as "recuperating the sleep lost during the preceding nights," or the characterization of two widows in the ship's company as "one quite new" and "the other much mellowed." No one who can get hold of the original will tolerate this wretched travesty of its piquant style; but those who must perforce put up with the latter will find it pleasant reading, in spite of all that the translator (one of the *traditors* type) has done to take the vivacity and *esprit* out of it. (25 cts. Brentano's.)

"THE WORK OF WASHINGTON IRVING" presents briefly an estimate of this favorite author with which the majority of his readers will agree. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has written much upon this subject, and his latest work fittingly sets forth the qualities that made Irving great, and that gave such wide scope to his genius. From "Knickerbocker" and the "Sketch-Book" to "Columbus" and "Washington" was a broad step. As Irving's creative power in one case compelled respect for his merit, so the disadvantages attendant upon historical writing were overcome by the sheer force of his genius. It was Irving's literary gift, as the author remarks, that made Columbus and Washington living personalities to his readers. The importance of imaginative qualities to the historian or biographer is rarely accorded the ample recognition that it receives from Mr. Warner; yet we can entirely agree with him that it is the presence or absence of these attributes that largely determines whether a work shall exist as literature, or be relegated to the reference shelves as "statistics to be consulted." It is upon these phases of Irving's genius that Mr. Warner principally dwells. So much of biography is introduced as may be necessary to explain the nature and influence of Irving's work. Four portraits show him at different periods of his life. (50c. Harper & Bros.)

"THE BOOK OF ELEGIES," edited by Prof. J. Baldwin, is a new volume in the "Select English Classics." It contains translations in prose and verse from Theocritus, followed by Spenser's "Astrophel," the Dirge from "Cymbeline," Milton's "Lycidas," Gray's "Elegy," Shelley's "Adonais," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and many shorter poems in the same vein. The notes are brief—too brief in the case of the "In Memoriam" at least—but scholarly and to the point. It may be a question whether students in school or college will enjoy tarrying so long among the tombs as reading the entire book would require, and portions of it might well be interspersed in a course including a greater variety of poetry. (Silver, Burdett & Co.)—AN EDITION OF De Quincey's "Joan of Arc" and "The English Mail Coach," prepared by Prof. J. M. Hart of Cornell University, has been issued in the series of "Readings for Students." It has an introduction, biographical and critical, of 22 pages, and 14 pages of notes—all well suited to the purposes of the student. The typography is unexceptionable. (Teacher's price, 30 cts. H. Holt & Co.)—A DOUBLE NUMBER (121-122) of the cheap and popular "Maynard's English Classics Series" gives Motley's admirable essay on "Peter the Great," with explanatory foot-notes, few and brief, yet sometimes, in our opinion, superfluous. Students in literature of this class may be trusted to know what and where the Volga, the Euxine, Moscow, etc., are; nor should they be dependent on the book for a definition of *hydrophobia*, *mitre* (or *miter*, as spelled here), *grand visier*, and the like. (24 cts. Maynard, Merrill & Co.)

Poetry and Verse

A SLENDER VOLUME, containing a number of short lyrics which are marked by a grace, a spontaneity and a charm of melody of more than usual merit, is Mr. Frederick Peterson's "In the Shade of Ygdrasil." The simplicity, the lightness, the music of the following song must be evident to anyone with a taste for lyric verse:—

- "The sweetest flower that blows
I give you as we part;
For you it is a rose;
For me it is my heart.
- "The fragrance it exhales,
(Ah, if you only knew!)
- Which but in dying falls,
It is my love of you.
- "The sweetest flower that grows
I give you as we part;
You think it but a rose;
Ah, me! It is my heart."

The little book contains many more things as pleasing as this, and some that are of a more serious nature; all of them well-written and showing the author to have his gifts in easy control. There is a somewhat melancholy strain in some of the poems, but it is not allowed to color the work too strongly. To understand what one can do well and not to attempt anything beyond is a talent in itself: Mr. Peterson has this talent. His volume is worth having and well repays reading. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA, is the home of one of our happiest song-writers—Samuel Minturn Peck. Wherever there is one poet there must be two. The other one in this case is Mr. Robert Loveman who, to judge from his recently published "Poems," is a young man much given to quatrains, possessing a facile pen, and not altogether free from the influence of the poets of whom he is fond. There are many things in this booklet which merit more than a passing word, and we are glad to quote three brief pieces good enough to show the quality of Mr. Loveman's verses. Slight as they are, they are not too slight to be quoted with a word of praise:—

- A Diamond*
"Look how it sparkles, see it greet
With laughing light the ambient air:
One little drop of sunshine sweet,
Held in eternal bondage there."

- The Post*
"Most mighty of magicians he,
Who with some subtle sorcery,
Can kiss a cold forbidding truth
To beauty and immortal youth."

- Over the Way*
"Over the way on a bending bough
A joyous bird is singing now,
Into the heart of the Summer day
Trilling a merry roundelay.
- "And over the way, the blinds are drawn,
A mother's hope and love is gone:
Without, the song,—within, the gloom,—
A babe lies dead in the darkened room."

The volume is a commendable first venture, and we shall look for something still better whenever Mr. Loveman makes a second. (Tuscaloosa, Ala.: Burton.)

A RECENT BOOK of verse in which there is much promise—promise, unfortunately, that can never be fulfilled—is "Lyrics, Idylls and Fragments," by Mr. Joseph H. Armstrong, who died in 1891. The verse here collected is edited with a sympathetic sketch of the young poet by his friend, Mr. Norman de Lagutry. The young author had a rare gift of description. His lines, "The Shower," are exceedingly happy. It is not too high praise of the verse to say that it was well preserving. (New York: Publishers' Printing Co.)—ANOTHER VOLUME of which much the same things might be said is "Thalassa, and Other Poems," by the late Mr. Adrian Worthington Smith of Philadelphia. Mr. Smith had a quick sense of beauty in both architecture and poetry. His verses reveal a power of appreciation rather than of creation, yet one can hardly say what would have happened had it been permitted him to live longer and to further develop his poetic nature. (Phila.: Porter & Coates.)—"THE ECHO and the Poet, with Other Poems" is the title of a handsome, privately printed volume of verse by Mr. William Cushing Bamburg. The author would seem to be one of those persons who appreciate good poetry, but have never quite mastered the art of putting their own thoughts and moods into the most lucid poetical form. "The Echo and

the Poet" is not printed for the public, but for private circulation among the author's friends.

MR. F. W. BOURDILLON is known as the poet of one poem. "The night has a thousand eyes" is a famous lyric and will keep the author's name alive long after the names of some of his more accomplished contemporaries are forgotten; yet somehow Mr. Bourdillon seems not to get another inspiration. His recent collection, "Ailes d'Alouettes" contained some agreeable lyrics, but none of them approached his masterpiece. So, now, in a little volume entitled "Sursum Corda," one looks in vain to discover a new lyric to be paired off with those early-written eight lines. His new verses are rather wanting in spontaneity, and impress one as being made to order for the author's own amusement. (Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)—LOOKING AS IF it were fresh from a Paris bookshop, comes Mr. Charles Sayle's "Musa Consolatrix," containing thirty or more carefully and correctly written lyrics and sonnets. The author's fancies are never without charm, and his technical skill enables him to express them in a very attractive form. His verse is readable and interesting. It is the verse of a cultured gentleman who is fond of poetry and appreciative of art and nature. Some of the personal tributes are excellent. One is glad to welcome "Musa Consolatrix" because it contains nothing that is slovenly in workmanship, and because there is stamped upon it the author's frank acknowledgment of his limitations. A young verse-maker who can correctly estimate the value of what he writes, is on the right road to the doing of something that is permanent. We commend Mr. Sayle's volume to those who appreciate artistic verse. (3s. 6d. London: David Nutt.)—THE TITLE OF Mr. Gascoigne Mackie's "Poems, Dramatic and Democratic" is unusual enough to be alluring. But almost the first thing we came upon in the book was some blank-verse called "Endymion's Appeal," beginning,

- "Clasp me forever in thy silent arms
And press thy sculptured lips close to mine own."

This was pretty hopeless. Nevertheless, we read on to the end. It did not improve. "Endymion's Appeal" is as good as anything in these dramatic and democratic verses. (London: Elliot Stock.)

Shakespeareana

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Mr. William Andrews's "Bygone Warwickshire."—This is a new volume in the excellent "Bygone" series to which I have referred before in these columns, and it will be particularly welcome to students of Shakespeare, though no less so to all who are interested in historical and antiquarian lore. As might be expected, the bulk of the book is given to Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry, Stratford, Shottery, and other localities connected with the dramatist. The chapter on Ann Hathaway's cottage, contributed by Mr. A. H. Wall, Librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford, contains matter which will be new to readers who are not familiar with the latest editions of Halliwell-Phillipps's "Outlines." I believe that I was the first person to call the attention of that author to the fact that Ann is not mentioned among the many children in Richard Hathaway's will. I asked him if he had ever made a careful examination of the evidence, traditional and other, that she actually belonged to that branch of the Hathaway family and lived in the cottage which her name has made famous in these latter years. He replied that he had considerable material bearing upon the question, but had never sifted and studied it. He promised, however, that he would do this before the next revision of the "Outlines." The result was that he was compelled to pronounce the popular tradition neither very old nor very probable; and Mr. Wall takes the same ground, adding certain facts and arguments in support of his opinion, to which I may recur hereafter. I write this at sea, where I have access to neither Mr. Andrews's book nor Halliwell-Phillipps's. The Shottery cottage, nevertheless, has been bought for the extravagant sum of three thousand guineas (and thereby hangs a tale, as Mr. Wall notes), and is to be preserved as a national memorial of Shakespeare, like the Henley Street birth-place and the New Place estate.

Mr. Andrews's book is published by himself at Hull, England, and the price is 7s. 6d. sterling. As the edition is limited, an early application will be necessary to secure copies. Like its predecessors in the series, it is admirably printed and well illustrated.

The "Bankside" Edition.—The Shakespeare Society of New York announces that, unexpected difficulties having interfered with the plan of supplementing the "Bankside" edition with certain volumes, as explained in *The Critic* of Nov. 12, 1892, it has been decided to bring out the "Comedy of Errors" and the other

plays of which no quarto editions are extant, "paralleling the first folio with an eclectic modern text, but preserving all the 'Bankside' features of notation, editing, and introductions"; the volumes to be uniform with the twenty already issued, and "but 500 copies to be printed and hand-numbered to correspond with the original sets." The price is to be \$2.62 per volume, postpaid, or the eighteen volumes (including the "Love's Labour's Lost" and the "Bankside Concordance," previously announced) for \$48.

Completion of the Revised "Cambridge" Edition.—Volume IX. and last of the revised issue of the "Cambridge" edition has recently appeared. It contains "Pericles," the "Sonnets" and other poems, with reprints of the early quartos of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Chronicle Historie of Henry the Fifth," "The First part of the Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster," "The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet." These, with 23 pages of "additions and corrections" (not an unreasonable amount, considering the immense number of various readings to be collected and recorded), make a volume of 772 pages. The editor, the publishers and all students of Shakespeare are to be congratulated on the successful completion of this monumental work. (\$3 per vol. Macmillan & Co.)

The Lounger

THE CHICAGO *Tribune* of Oct. 15 gives a most interesting account of the Armour Institute now in successful operation in the World's Fair city. The idea of this institute for manual training no sooner entered Mr. Armour's head than it became an accomplished fact. He gave \$1,500,000 to put it on its feet and I dare say that he will give as much more if necessary. There is no limit to what a Chicago man will do when his interest is once aroused, and it does not take long to arouse it either, as the World's Fair has shown. The people of Chicago have taken this great exposition as a personal matter. Their pride and their patriotism were enlisted and, notwithstanding that it came at a time of great financial distress, they disregarded the fox gnawing at their vitals and no one would ever have suspected from any sign they made that all was not well with them. Millionaires have spent their dollars by the hundred thousand, and others less wealthy by the thousands and hundreds. In the way of personal entertaining the hospitality of the Chicagoans has been unbounded. It was their fair and they wanted everyone to see it who could. Such lavish hospitality is not only expensive but it is exhausting, and I venture to say that many a Chicago housewife will be worn out, if not actually ill, after the fair is over and her duties as hostess are ended—for the time being—for I doubt if they ever really end.

I THINK that Chicago has been as great a surprise to most Easterners as the White City itself. They had heard of the tall buildings, of the boulevards, and of the lake, but they were not prepared for the blocks and blocks of tall buildings, the miles and miles of boulevards or the important part the lake plays in the city's life. Our water-fronts are so entirely given up to commerce that we expected that in a great commercial city such as Chicago, the lake front would be lined with docks and fringed with railroads. On the contrary, beautiful drives and parks and residences line the water front. There are a few miles of railroad track to be sure, and a dock or two, but not more; and even on one of these docks is built one of the city's finest club-houses. This is the Argo, made in the likeness of a ship but built in with the dock. Seated on the deck of this motionless craft, one might fancy himself well out at sea, particularly when the waves run high and dash over the breakwaters, as I saw them do.

I SHOULD LIKE to have attended the dinner given by the Authors Club of London to M. Zola, if only for the fun of seeing the way that assemblage took our humorous countryman "Bill Nye." They liked him, however, for American humor is highly appreciated in England, but I should like to know just how much of what he said they took in joke and just how much in earnest. One paper that I saw stated that his name was Edgar Wilson Nye and rather reproached our Yankee flippancy that dubbed him "Bill."

APROPOS OF M. Zola in London, it is told that, on the night of his arrival in that city, as he was lingering over the coffee and cigars, a servant entered the room bearing a large basket of flowers, which he presented to Zola, saying:—"Mr. Oscar Wilde, sir, sends these flowers, and asks if you will receive him for a few minutes." The words were roughly translated to M. Zola, who still seemed puzzled, and shook his head, exclaiming, "Oscawoile! Oscawoile! Je ne le connais pas." "Qu'est-ce que c'est donc que cette espèce

d'animal Oscawoile?" inquired a famous journalist equally ignorant of English pronunciation. "Qu'on lui rende ses légumes et qu'on le mette à la porte," cried another. * * * Finally, M. Zola bethought him of looking at the gentleman's card, and at once a smile of intelligence lit up his features as he gasped out in repentant accents, "Mais nom de nom, c'est Monsieur Oscarre Veelde, l'auteur de 'Salomé,' que nous connaissons tous! Faites-le monter de suite." "Oscarre Veelde!" shouted all the others—"pourquoi ne pas l'avoir dit d'abord?" And so realism and aestheticism clasped hands across the mahogany.

THE SUBJECT of critics and criticism is again a burning one among real writers and would-be writers. While discussing it in *The Author* Mr. Walter Besant says:—

My own theory on the general subject of reviewing—a theory which I do not expect to be universally accepted as yet—is this: The work of a critic never ought to be entrusted to the first novice that is recommended to the editor. If an aspiring critic is as yet unproved by published work, he should furnish some proof to the editor of culture, reading, knowledge of standards, knowledge of the works of writers, living as well as dead, and of special qualifications and special knowledge, if he has any.

IN THIS SAME number of *The Author* a writer signing herself "Ingénue" argues that publishers' readers should not be writers. "If authors should not be critics," says this very ingenuous person, "then that they are more out of place as readers, is surely sensible. The critic passes judgment on the production when produced, the 'reader' passes judgment thereon when it is only proposed to be produced; it is evident, therefore, that whereas the first can only, if he think proper, injure its reputation on publication, the other can use a still more powerful agency against it—he can nip it off altogether so far as his 'firm' is concerned."

What nonsense! In the first place, no such jealousy as is here intimated exists among authors, and again, the reader has his own interests as a reader to look after. If he rejects a good book from motives of jealousy, and the reader of another firm, who does not happen to be an author, accepts it and it makes a success, where will his reputation for judgment be? Two or three slips of that sort and his usefulness as a reader is gone. "Would Carlyle have been a reader suited to 'run' the concerns of an enterprising firm?" asks this "Ingénue" in a voice of triumph. To which I make reply that if he would not have made a suitable reader it would have been not because he was an author, but because he was Carlyle. His temperament and not his authorship would have disqualified him. But all this fault-finding with readers and editors and publishers is childish. No one is infallible, and if a good manuscript goes a-begging it is from mistaken judgment and not owing to the viciousness of those in power.

ONE WHO IS KIND enough to be a diligent reader of this column sends me the following:—

"We were discussing Bourget's 'Un Scrupule' and a woman remarked to me:—'I underlined one sentence which is very clever and which hit me off precisely.' She then continued that she had shown this to a friend and asked of whom it reminded her and the friend instantly replied, 'Why, it's myself of course.' Another friend made a similar answer. When I heard the sentence I immediately said, 'Yes, and I thought "how true of me." I showed it to a man, in a burst of confidence, and the moment he read it he exclaimed, 'Ah! there I am precisely!' The sentence reads—by the way:—'J'aurais en moi juste assez d'entraînement pour ne pas me conduire avec sagesse, et juste assez de sagesse pour me paralyser au milieu de mes entraînements.'"

THE ONLY GOOD THING I have heard of Mr. Astor's doing since he joined the ranks of the English Tories is the fight he is making against certain successful quackeries. *The Pall Mall Gazette* has refused the advertising of the articles in question and calls upon other papers to do likewise. Mr. Astor can well afford to enter into this sort of warfare, for it may cost him a pretty penny, but it is not always those who can afford to fight frauds who give their loins for the fray.

A PORTRAIT of Mrs. Sarah P. McC. Greene, which forms the frontispiece of the October *Book News*, shows the author of "Cape Cod Folks" to have a strong and interesting profile and classic shoulders. In the course of a short sketch of Mrs. Greene, the story of "Cape Cod Folks" is retold. It will be remembered that she used the real names of the people she drew her characters from, and thereby caused them more or less indignation, which ended in a suit at law. I don't know but that Mrs. Greene did better than those writers who impale innocent persons under thinly disguised names. One Benson, a dull-looking fellow if his likeness

in *The Sketch* is to be relied upon, has written a book that is anything but dull. "Dodo" it is called. The style reminds one of the clever but wicked "Gyp," with the difference that exists between English and French brightness, and it has caused some excitement in England. Mr. Benson admits that his characters are well-known people, but asks, "Where's the harm?" "They all do it," he argues. The argument is a common one; but I have never been quite able to see its force. It does not seem to me to be right to use living people for literary material, either as objects of ridicule or reproach, and I think that the success a book meets with because it has done this is not a success to be proud of.

SAYS MR. TALCOTT WILLIAMS, in the same number of *Book News* as that in which Mrs. Greene is portrayed:—"If Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts wrote it all like this the closing verse of his Shelley threnody:

"So might some lord of men, whom force and fate,
And his great heart's unvanquishable power
Have thrust with storm to his supreme estate,
Ascend by night his solitary tower,
High o'er the city's lights and cries uplift,
Silent he ponders the scrolled heaven to read,
And the keen stars' conflicting *message* sift
Till the slow signs recede,
And ominously scarlet dawns afar
The day he leads his legions forth to war."

a new poet would have come out of the North."

If Mr. Roberts "wrote it all like this," a new poet and a strange one would have "come out of the north." It is probable that he wrote *ascend* and *message* instead of the two words I have italicized, and that he didn't punctuate this fine passage with quite so many periods as Mr. Williams has permitted his printer to put in it.

London Letter

LAST WEEK I had to chronicle the production of "The Foresters," and now again the chief event of the last seven days has been dramatic. Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan have, under the friendly management of their old coadjutor, Mr. D'Oyly Carte, produced their new opera, "Utopia (Limited)." The reconstruction of the old partnership will be very welcome to London playgoers. Since Mr. Gilbert parted hands with his composer, we have had, one after another, a series of failures in light opera. There have been many managers who were anxious to make a bid for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's popular position, but it has seemed impossible to find an author and a composer to work together in the perfect union which has always characterized the Savoy entertainments. It was fully time for our old friends to return to us, and last Saturday night they returned with interest. "Utopia (Limited)" is in every way admirable. Mr. Gilbert has had the good sense not to attempt any modification of his method; we have less of the familiar topsy-turvydom, perhaps; but we have all the well-known satire, and that peculiarly Gilbertian vein of humor, by which his characters are made to speak with the unconscious frankness of the denizens of his own Palace of Truth. We should never feel that we had our real Mr. Gilbert without these traits.

I do not know how far cablegrams will have anticipated what I can tell you of the opera; but I must venture just a few remarks on the plot. The scene is laid in Utopia, where King Paramount the First (Mr. Rutland Barrington) is found to be governing under strange restrictions. He has fallen into the power of the two judges of his Supreme Court—Scaphio (Mr. W. H. Denny) and Phautis (Mr. John La Hay)—who oblige him, amid much other dirty work, to write himself down a libertine and an ass in the pages of a scurrilous society journal, *The Palace Peeper*, and to produce burlesques, in which he himself is held up to the nightly ridicule of his subjects.

To this undignified court returns the King's daughter, Zara (Miss Nancy McIntosh), who has been to England to finish her education, and is now bringing home with her six Flowers of Progress, with whose aid she proposes to reform her native land. These representatives of English grace include a British Lord Chamberlain, a Captain of the First Life Guards, a Captain in the Royal Navy, a Company Promoter, a successful Q. C., and a member of the County Council. These gentlemen proceed to turn Utopia into a Company, as the King sings:—

"We'll go down to Posterity renowned
As the first sovereign in Christendom
Who registered his Crown and Country under
The Joint Stock Company's act of Sixty-Two."

And so an English Drawing-room is instituted—with innovations. "The cup of tea and the plate of mixed biscuits," says the Promoter, "were a cheap and effective inspiration." The Flowers of Progress meet as Directors, and, in a nigger chorus, present their

first report, "in accordance with the practice of the Court of St. James's Hall." And this is an extract from the report:—

"King.—Our Peerage we've remodelled on an intellectual basis,
Which certainly is rough on our hereditary races—

Chorus.—We are going to remodel it in England.

King.—The Brewers and the Cotton Lords no longer seek admission,
And Literary Merit meets with proper recognition—

Chorus.—As Literary Merit does in England.

King.—Who knows but we may count among our intellectual chickens
Like you, an Earl of Thackeray and p'raps a Duke of Dickens—

Lord Fildes and Viscount Millais (when they come) we'll welcome sweetly—

Chorus.—In short, this happy country has been Anglicized completely!

It really is surprising

What a thorough Anglicizing

We have brought about—Utopia's quite another land;
In her enterprising movements,

She is England—with improvements,

Which we dutifully offer to our mother-land."

Unfortunately, however, things do not work very smoothly.

"These boons have brought Utopia to a standstill!

Our pride and boast—the Army and the Navy—

Have both been reconstructed and remodelled

Upon so irresistible a basis

That all the neighboring nations have disarmed—

And War's impossible! Your County Councillor

Has passed such drastic sanitary laws

That all the doctors dwindle, starve and die!

The laws remodelled by Sir Bailey Barre,

Have quite extinguished crime and litigation:

The lawyers starve, and all the jails are let

As model lodgings for the working-classes!"

It is clear that something is rotten in the State of Utopia. What has been omitted? The Princess Zara recollects. The one thing needful is "Government by Party! Introduce that great and glorious element—at once the bulwark and foundation of England's greatness—and all will be well! No political measures will endure, because one Party will assuredly undo all that the other Party has done; inexperienced civilians will govern your Army and your Navy; no social reforms will be attempted, because out of vice, squalor, and drunkenness no political capital can be made; and while grouse is to be shot, and foxes worried to death, the legislative action of the country will be at a standstill. Then there will be sickness in plenty, endless lawsuits, crowded jails, interminable confusion in the Army and Navy, and, in short, general and unexampled prosperity!"

The satire is keener than usual; but it is always good-humored. I have said so much about the plot that I have left myself very little space to speak of the lyrics, which are after all one of the chief attractions in Gilbertian libretto. Here, I think, a certain modification is noticeable. Mr. Gilbert has been accused of too rich a profusion of melody; it has been said that his lyrics sing themselves so merrily that they are apt to lead the composer, and curb the possibilities of the setting. This has been so in the past, without doubt; readers will remember how Sir Arthur Sullivan was obliged to alter the accent on such verses as "Were I thy bride," in order to get in a novel effect. But in "Utopia" the versification is far less opulent, the metres are simpler; and the kind of lyric that forces the note is almost entirely absent. At the same time all Mr. Gilbert's fluency remains unimpaired. How well we know the facility of lines like these:—

"When the Tempest rose,

And the ship went so—

Do you suppose

We were ill? No, no!

Though a qualmish lot

In a tunic tight,

And a helmet hot,

And a breastplate bright

(Which a well-drilled Trooper ne'er discards),

We stood as her escort—First Life Guards!"

Or again:—

"With wily brain upon the spot

A private plot we'll plan,

The most ingenious private plot

Since private plots began."

Mr. Gilbert is certainly the king of musical lyrists!

A week or two ago I was writing of Mr. Gilbert Parker, and I am now able to announce that, in the course of a few days, he will start for another visit to America. Having just concluded his story, "An Unpardonable Liar," which is running serially in *The*

English Illustrated Magazine, he intends taking a rest from literary work, and is, at the moment of my writing, in France, sitting for his portrait for the Academy and the Salon. Thence he will start for New York. By the bye, readers of "An Unpardonable Liar" will undoubtedly be struck by the singularly musical songs in dialect which are sprinkled through it; and it may be of interest to repeat that Mr. Parker tells me that he heard these ballads, just as he has printed them, in their own up-country homes, and that most of them have never seen the light of publicity hitherto. Perhaps he may be persuaded to collect them into a little volume. They would certainly find readers on either side of the Atlantic.

A rather amusing announcement is made this week, which opens a new sphere and many new possibilities to the successful novelist. Miss Marie Corelli is, we are told, about to publish her own novels, free of the trammels of the middleman. But why?

"There lives no record of reply."

We are told that the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" has worked upon this system to his own very considerable advantage; and it may be that Miss Corelli spies some unexpected entertainment in her new dual rôle of author and publisher. But if the custom becomes general, where will it end? How curiously the advertisement columns of *The Athenæum* will look, split up into innumerable squares, and each square the manifesto of a different house! And what an exceedingly bad time the book-sellers will have, when they have to call with their orders and collecting bags, now at Luxham Gardens, now at Finchley Road! Or will several authors combine to share a little office in the Strand, and will the fair novelists themselves dispense their dainty wares to the myrmidons of Messrs. Mudie across their own tidy counters? This letter began with "Utopia"; it seems as though it were ending with a lost page from Mr. Gilbert's rough draft. It is a week of topsy-turvydom!

LONDON, 13 Oct., 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

I BELIEVE THOROUGHLY that the idea of pecuniary recompense does not enter much into an author's thoughts. A man is a writer because he loves to write, and money is not the primary moving object, yet, for all that, it is interesting to know what authors make or what they can make. Col. Higginson, I notice, is of the opinion that a moderately successful author can make as much as \$5000 a year, a sum rivaling the salary of a senator or judge, while it exceeds that made by many lawyers, ministers, and physicians. This he said in an interview of a day or two ago. Moreover, he points out the fact that expenses now are not so great as they were in the time of Prescott and Bancroft, when the historian was necessarily the owner of a costly library. The Cambridge author would advise young men to take up the literary profession and regards newspaper work as a good beginning. But he adds that journalism, though a good servant, is a bad master, and he would not have the author continue in that work too long. He has a pleasant word to say for Hamlin Garland, whom he compares, to a degree, with Maupassant; he also speaks of Grace King as a writer of promise and pays a compliment to Julien Gordon and Miss Wilkins. He believes that young writers are treated with as much favor as older writers by magazine editors, but, as he brightly remarks, in allusion to the fact that it is not needful to read a manuscript entirely through, "it is not necessary to eat the whole of an old turkey to make up one's mind that it is unpalatable." On one point, apparently, Col. Higginson is emphatic: he believes it is a mistake for authors to attempt to couple their profession with other work.

Mrs. D. Lothrop, or as the world of letters better knows her, "Margaret Sidney," has just written her preference of books of her own authorship. Of course, as would be expected, "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew" stands highest in her regard. But her New England story, "The Pettibone Name," and her short New England sketches closely crowd the Pepper books for her regard. She says, in speaking of the origin of her five little Peppers, that she wanted to bring out a simple story of child-life amid trials, and especially to point out a mother's influence in a lovable and yet practical atmosphere. "I wrote the Peppers," she says, "when the Peppers were ready to let me. I considered they were the proper persons to dictate when I should arrange their doings to go into print. In other words, I never for one instant thought of myself as author, or wrote anything that I was not willing to submit to their approval. They were all, 'the Five Peppers and Mamsie,' living, breathing, playing and working realities before me. I lived with them in imagination, carrying them with me everywhere—driving, walking, visiting or at home—determined to let nothing intervene between them and the audience to whom they were to speak. In other words, I let the little Peppers live themselves, and say just what they wanted to, and do all that came into their minds to do." I may add that all of Margaret Sidney's New England

sketches are to be collected and brought out in two volumes, in the spring.

The death and funeral of Mrs. Lucy Stone-Blackwell are now matters of history. The participation of Col. T. W. Higginson in the funeral services recalls the fact that the ceremony which united H. B. Blackwell and Lucy Stone was conducted by the Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson in 1855. At that time Mr. Higginson wrote to *The Worcester Spy*:—"I never perform the marriage ceremony without a renewed sense of the iniquity of our present system of laws in respect to marriage; a system by which 'man and wife are one, and that one is the husband.' It was with my hearty concurrence, therefore, that the following protest was read and signed, as a part of the nuptial ceremony; and I send it to you that others may be induced to do likewise." It was a peculiar protest that the bride and bridegroom signed, so peculiar, indeed, that I think it worth while to describe it here. To the end of Mrs. Stone's life, husband and wife lived up to its precepts. Beginning with a statement that they gave no promise of voluntary obedience to such of the laws of marriage as refuse to recognize the wife as an independent rational being, while the husband is given unnatural superiority, the contract protested against the husband's having the custody of the wife's person or the exclusive control of the children, and opposed the idea of the husband's controlling her property interest. Mrs. Stone's determination never to assume her husband's name was upheld as legal by the lawyers, although it raised a unique question.

The Browning Club has laid out its program for the coming year. The dramas of the poet will be the main topic of the meetings. Prof. Henry Jones of the University of St. Andrews, author of "Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher," will open the series with a general introductory essay, the essay being read by the Rev. George D. Latimer. Prof. Josiah Royce, Mrs. Isabel Frances Bellows, the Rev. John W. Chadwick, Mr. Harrison S. Morris, the Rev. Nicholas P. Gilman and Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., will take part in the subsequent meetings. A special meeting will be devoted to the presentation of "Colombe's Birthday." If I remember rightly, the latter work has never been read in Boston except once, when Mrs. Landor, the well-known actress, presented the play to the Browning Club, some years ago. In fact, I think no public performance of it has ever been given more than twice in America.

In memory of John G. Whittier, a marble tablet will be placed on the farm where he was born, the city of Haverhill patriotically turning over, for that purpose, a portion of the fund remaining from the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of that town. There are now no grave-stones of the Whittier family in the old lot just beyond the apple-orchard on the farm, although a stone wall surrounds three sides of the resting place, but a monument will soon mark the spot and will bear the names of Whittier's father, mother and brother Moses.

BOSTON, 24 Oct., 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE SUGGESTION that the Columbian Exposition be reopened during the summer of 1894, which was seriously made by one or two newspapers here, will probably come to naught. There are legal difficulties in the way of such a continuance, and even if these should be removed, it would probably be impossible to retain a satisfactory proportion of the exhibits. But the suggestion is most impractical from the point of view of policy. An attempt to repeat a success of this kind is rarely successful, and in the present case it might be disastrous. The risk in money would perhaps be little, but in prestige it would be enormous. And we cannot afford to lose the reputation which this achievement has given us. It would be intolerable, too, to see the Fair die a lingering death from inanition; a sudden extinction, melancholy as it will be, is much to be preferred. The most fitting end of all, however, is that suggested by Mr. Burnham, the Director of Works, who is the most imaginative of men. He would like to put the torch to the buildings, to give one more brilliant dramatic spectacle to the world and end the Fair as impressively as it was begun, with a kind of swan-song of beauty.

The ceremonies on Manhattan Day were in every way successful, but the attendance of 328,000, including those admitted on passes, was something of a disappointment. On two other days of the same week the number of admissions was larger, and Providence had done her best for us in the matter of weather, as she has indeed systematically all summer. The glories of Chicago were rather flaunted in the faces of New Yorkers, in the speech of our own boastful Mayor, and by the procession of floats which was the same one prepared for Chicago Day. Still, New York was given due honor in all the ceremonies, and the display of fireworks which ended the celebration was beyond description magnificent. At Festival Hall, Mayor Gilroy spoke for New York and was followed by

Gen. Horace Porter, by Mr. Depew in his most gracious manner and by eloquent speeches from Col. Fellows and President Seth Low of Columbia College. Besides these, all of a congratulatory nature, a poem was read by way of greeting from the city by the sea to her sister of the lakes. It was written by Joseph I. C. Clarke of the *New York Morning Journal* and read by Mrs. Agnes Booth. It was felicitous in thought and expressed in rhythmical language, the following section being especially happy:—

"We lay at thy feet, O sister sweet,
A wreath of laurel green.
O sister strong, it is brought with song
And joy to our prairie queen.

"In our joy there rings the note that brings
The ocean surf to shore;
In our song there swells the joy that tells
Of ships the wind before.

"Thy corn-plume waves where redskin braves
Shook dancing plumes a-breeze;
Our trumpet hails where the foreign sails
Once lorded shores and seas.

"From the salt, green verge of our ocean surge
We sweep in a torrent blithe
Through corn-seas deep, to plant and keep
The trident by the scythe.

"From the wind-swept home of wave and foam,
Where sea-won empire stands,
We come on a tide of love and pride
To kiss thy foam-white hands.

"The sheen of thy lakes in silver breaks
Thy girdle of cornland gold,
And their waters swoon in the cool lagoon
Thy glory to behold.

"Now slow, now fleet, thy waters sweet
Thou sendest down to sea;
Our love flies back by a straighter track,
And sweet as thy waters be.

"O sister white, in the autumn light
The East salutes the West,
And may ever so, transfigured, glow
The sisters, breast to breast.

Now that the great Exposition hurries to its close, one is more inclined to survey it as a whole and dwell upon the parts of it that will linger longest in the memory. The beautiful panorama of the grounds and buildings is of course the unique thing, the part which we shall never have an opportunity to see again; and this in sunlight or shadow, sharply outlined against the blue or veiled in mist and fog, was never less than entrancing. The restful beauty of the sunset hour on the lagoons and the witchery of the illumined nights have not appealed in vain to the imagination of the American people. By its fruits shall we know their influence in the years to come. In a thousand subtle ways, to a thousand artistic ends, we shall feel it. Even if it should never influence our productions, its effect upon our lives, our appreciation and sympathy, would be amply worth the effort. One almost envies the fisher-boy and the Indian, who have stood throughout the summer over the columns of the peristyle, for they have watched the sun rise out of the lake to shine upon these domes and pinnacles. They have known the splendor of the White City in the early dawn as it lay, still and deserted; they have seen it awakened from its lethargy by crowds which are always awed into silence before this beauty; for them the waters of the Basin have reflected the deep blue of cloudless skies, the golds and reds of sunset, the countless lights which make the night more lovely than the day; rockets have whizzed by them to break into splendid color over their heads; they have seen the moon light up the ancient convent of La Rabida before throwing its pale illumination into the silent court; and this changing beauty has given them no chance for weariness. If these creatures of staff had minds and hearts, what stories they could tell. Between them and the fairies who dance by night through the wooded island, we might learn perhaps the secret of the enchantment and discover the mysterious power whose touch is beauty, the movement of whose wand brings grace.

CHICAGO, 24 October, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

The Death of Dr. Schaff

THE REV. DR. PHILIP SCHAFF, who died at his residence in this city, on the 21st inst., was one of the most profound theological scholars and indomitable workers, in his especial line of research, that the present generation has known. The immediate cause of his death was a stroke of paralysis—the second stroke that he had suffered within a year. From the *New York Herald*, to which

paper we are indebted for this portrait of Dr. Schaff, we reprint some of the details of his life:—

"Dr. Schaff was born in Coire, Switzerland, on Jan. 1, 1819. His father was a soldier, who died while Philip was yet a child, and he was compelled to support himself when only nine years old. After gaining an education at Stuttgart, Tübingen, Halle and Berlin, he travelled for a while as tutor to a nobleman. He was ordained at Elberfeld in 1844, and then came to this country to take a professorship in the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Church in Mercersburg, Pa. He had not been in the United States a year before he was tried for heresy, but was acquitted. The seminary buildings were taken for hospital purposes



PHILIP SCHAFF

during the war, and Dr. Schaff then came to this city, becoming Secretary of the Sabbath Committee in 1864. He retained this position five years, and then became Professor of Biblical Literature in Union Seminary; this post he held until 1887, when he took the Professorship of Church History. He will be best remembered, however, as Chairman of the American Bible Revision Committee, which worked conjointly with the English Committee. He was also President of the American Society of Church History, organized five years ago, which represents all the leading branches of the Protestant Church, aiming at the unification of Christian thought and sentiment throughout the world.

"He was well known as a writer on religious subjects, the Messrs. Scribner being his publishers. Among his best-known works are a 'History of the Christian Church,' 'A Companion to the Greek Testament and the English Version,' the Schaff-Herzog 'Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge,' 'The Creeds of Christendom,' with a History and Critical Notes, 'Through Bible Lands,' 'The Person of Christ,' 'A Bible Dictionary' and the 'History of the Apostolic Church.' He wrote the first German hymn-book that was printed in this country. It is still in great demand. Many of his books have been translated into the Continental languages and are widely circulated abroad. He was a frequent contributor to magazines and other periodicals. An article written by him, in defence of Dr. Briggs, which appeared in the *Herald* of May 17, 1891, attracted wide attention. [Dr. Schaff had been a frequent contributor to *The Critic*; among other reviews from his pen was that of the revised New Testament, which appeared on May 21, 1881.]

"Dr. Schaff visited Europe many times—once in 1854, when he represented the American German churches at the ecclesiastical diet in Frankfurt. He went abroad several times to arrange for the general conference, which, after two postponements on account of the Franco-German War, was finally held in this city in 1873. He was in Rome three years ago, when the Pope specially honored him by giving him the freedom of the Vatican Library. He worked almost night and day during the summer at a paper on 'The Reunion of Christendom,' which he meant to read before the Chicago Parliament of Religions. He reached Chicago, but was too ill to read it. Another person read the paper for him, and the author fainted before the reading was finished.

"Dr. Schaff was married in 1846 to Miss Schley, of Frederick City, Md. (a cousin of Captain Schley, U. S. N.), who survives him, with two sons and one daughter, one of their children being the Rev. D. S. Schaff, pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Jacksonville, Ill. The eminent theologian was buried on Monday last from the Church of the Covenant, the Rev. Dr. J. H. McIlvaine conducting the services. The pall-bearers were students of Union Theological Seminary.

A brief critical estimate of Dr. Schaff by a former pupil and

friend of many years' standing, the Rev. Dr. Francis Brown of Union Theological Seminary, will appear in *The Critic* of Nov. 4.

Charles Francois Gounod

ALTHOUGH GOUNOD's career practically ended a decade ago, it will undoubtedly be some years before his place as a composer is properly determined. There can be no doubt that "Faust" will continue to rank as his masterpiece, for such it certainly is. But the world in general knows Gounod only as an opera writer, and its judgment is based wholly on his immortal setting of the story of Marguerite and his "Romeo and Juliet." A sound estimate of the man's rank as a composer cannot be made on such a basis. Gounod has written masses, oratorios, songs, cantatas and even two symphonies, all of which must be considered before final judgment can be pronounced.

In all probability, however, the critic, after a careful survey of the product of Gounod's intellectual activity, will arrive at almost the same conclusion as the public. That the genius of the man was lyric is beyond dispute. His sacred music proves it as conclusively as his dramatic. That he



From a photograph reproduced in *New York Herald*

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD (Died 18 Oct. 1893)

possessed real genius, not mere talent, is demonstrated beyond a doubt by the marvellously inspired garden scene in "Faust," by the scene of Mephistopheles and Marguerite in the cathedral, by the death of Valentine, and by the superb trio in the last scene. Nor are his other works, though less notable in general merit, without evidences of his high and precious gifts. The double duel scene in "Romeo and Juliet" between Tybalt and Mercutio and then Tybalt and Romeo may be cited as an example.

The distinguishing characteristics of Gounod's music are first of all fluent, expressive, vocal melody, of never-failing beauty and chastity of style, elegantly effective harmony, and warmly-colored instrumentation. The adjective elegant, indeed, may well be applied to everything he ever wrote, for his most tragic scenes never disrobe themselves of grace and tastefulness. And here we come upon the weak point of the man's work. He never quite breaks away from

the restraints of convention. He hesitates to shock and surprise the public. He prefers to conciliate. He is sentimental, rather than tragic. There is no echo of the Teutonic barbarity of Goethe's passion in Gounod's "Faust"; Shakespeare's Juliet never revealed her throbbing soul to the French gentleman. In a word, Gounod was incapable of rising to that level of realistic grandeur which puts strength before beauty.

Gounod was a natural product of a long-growing school. His artistic precursors were Rameau, Gluck, and Méhul. They laid down the lines on which Gounod advanced. He was a splendid example of all that is best in French opera, which from its inception has aimed at dignity and simplicity of style, beauty of melodic ideas, and expressiveness of instrumentation. Perhaps the future will point to him as a man of one opera; but who has written a work more rich in sensuous beauty than his immortal "Faust"?

[From *Temple Bar*]

* * * Gounod was born on June 17, 1818,* in Paris, his father being a painter, and his mother one of the most distinguished ladies of the period. It was she who gave him his first instruction in music. He entered the Paris Conservatoire in 1836, and won in 1837 a second prize, and in 1839 a first prize—the Prix de Rome, which entitled him to the journey to Italy—with a Mass, the forerunner of his early favorite pursuit, sacred music. He was a pupil of Reicha in harmony, and of the famous Halévy in counterpoint. His second Mass (1841) was a great success and won him the title of Maître de Chapelle Honoraire for life, a distinction until then never conferred on a *pensionnaire de l'Académie*. Gounod's career is, if I might say so, an inverted pyramid. He began life successfully, though at first he wrote one opera after another without reaching the desired object. At last Goethe's masterpiece "Faust" was accommodated to his requirements by MM. Michel Carré and Barbier. * * *

"Mireille," the opera *à la couleur locale*, which he wrote immediately after "Faust," is undoubtedly a more homogeneous work, although not so strikingly effective as "Faust." It made, nevertheless, little sensation in France, at any rate nothing comparable to the long enduring sensation of "Faust," and none at all in any other country. Such is the fate of works. "Faust," his *chef-d'œuvre*, an opera translated into nearly every European language, brought its composer in England the sum of 80*l.*, whereas "Mireille," without any effort whatever, received from England alone 1400*l.* * * *

I will now state what I have learned, in a perfectly reliable way, from a lady friend and pupil of Gounod's mother, who taught her music in 1816, while little Charlie, who used to accompany his mother, played in the garden during the lesson. This little Charlie, said by all the dictionaries to be born in 1818, was the celebrated composer of "Faust"; and anxious as I was to ascertain his real age, which I knew to be more than those infallible authorities the musical dictionaries stated it to be, I wrote to this living witness—rather a more conclusive authority—and this is part of her answer:—"Charles Gounod must have been born about 1811 or 1812. I went to Paris in the autumn of 1815, and in the spring and summer following we children used to play in the large garden of my house at Chaillot, which is now the Allée Marbeuf. I was between eleven and twelve and often carried little Charles about, who was in petticoats and could not have been more than four or at the utmost five years old; his brother Urbain—a charming boy, by-the-bye—I should think was then about eight or nine years old." * * *

Considering the number of operas (serious and comic) he produced (no less than fourteen), and considering that only one had a universal success, whereas two comic operas—"Le Médecin Malgré Lui" and "Philémon and Baucis"—are full of that original finesse and elegance which are the trademark of the house Gounod, but never had any success out of France, it is surely a curious sign of the times that he commanded such immense prices as 4000*l.* each for the English copyright of his last two oratorios. While he called the "Redemption," his last oratorio but one, "*opus vita mea*," he called the last one "Mors et Vita."

Gounod is very *spirituel*, both with his pen and his tongue, and is one of the most amusing companions. I mean when he is sober in the sense of calm self-possession, but when he explodes, which may at any time happen, then *bon soir la compagnie*—you may expect, as in the eruption of a volcano, that not only will his words flow like boiling lava, but stones will follow, and sparks, and

* I shall presently have something to say about this supposed correct date, Vapereau, Fétis, Grove, etc., coinciding.

clanders, and a veritable cataclysm of speech. Suddenly, however, as I have seen, a gentleman having the nerve calmly to address him on a subject quite different from the one under discussion, he will reply to the person in question with perfect quiet, and if by any means interested in the matter skilfully brought on, will warm up to his subject, totally forgetting the subject on which, but a minute before, he was so heated and angry.

One of his hobbies is to be pitied—he is always *souffrant*; so he wrote some years ago:—"Mon bon et cher ami,—Quoique je sois bien souffrant et bien fatigué (always) par des misères et des peines de toute sorte et de bien *cruelles*, je ne veux pas laisser sans réponse votre affectueux souvenir. * * * J'ai terminé, ou à peu près, 'le Tribut de Zamora,' ouvrage qui va probablement entrer prochainement à la copie et à l'étude à l'Opéra," etc. * * *

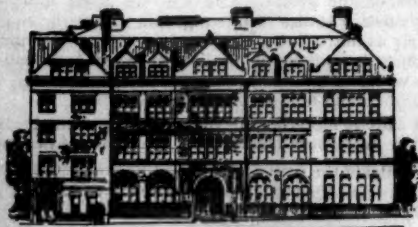
It is well known to all who have any interest in inquiring into Gounod's doings, from the moment that he gained his Prix de Rome, that for something like five years, if I mistake not, between 1844 and 1849, it is not exactly known where he was or what he did. He went to Vienna in 1842; a mass of his was executed in the same year; a *Mass pour voix seules*, in imitation of Palestrina. "Sappho" was produced in Paris in 1850. The *Gazette Musicale* in 1846 published a paragraph to the effect that he had entered orders and "porte même l'habit ecclésiastique"; but all this not only is not known to be exact, but it is, if anything, rather known not to be exact. * * *

I don't think a better proof can be given of the unaffected delight with which Gounod looks in his own glass than the modesty with which he expresses himself in the following phrase:—"When I was very young I spoke always of myself alone. I condescended after a few years to add Mozart, and to say, 'I and Mozart.' It so happened, however, that after studying a little more, I thought I had better say, 'Mozart and I.' Now what I say is, 'Mozart.'" * * *

I remember meeting him once in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, arm in arm with Victor Massé, poor man! since dead, in comparative youth. It was just after Gounod's "Faust" had been given at the Théâtre Lyrique, and to my amazement met with rather doubtful success. There was the Soldiers' Chorus, the waltz especially, very much applauded, praised and bought, but what is really grand in the opera, people seemed very slow to appreciate, and so I said to him:—"Is it not curious that people should take so to that Soldiers' Chorus, which, you must really agree with me, is not exactly the most distinguished piece in the opera!" "Ah, my dear E.," he said, "don't you see, operas are not born like men, head foremost—operas are born feet before all ('les pieds les premiers'), the lowest parts are sure to be the first recognized, but by-and-by the turn of the heart, head, and brain, will come." And it did come. * * * L. E.

Trinity School's New Building

THE CORNERSTONE of the new building of Trinity School, to adjoin St. Agnes's Chapel of Trinity Parish in West 91st Street, was laid by Dean Hoffman of the General Theological Seminary



on Oct. 18. A number of clergymen and several hundred pupils were in attendance. The Rev. E. A. Bradley, the Rector of St. Agnes's Chapel, preached the sermon. He was followed by the Rev. August Ullmann, Rector of the School.

Dean Hoffman, in his address, said that Trinity School was the oldest institution of the kind in this State, and with the exception of Yale, Harvard and William and Mary colleges, the oldest in the land. It was founded, he said, in 1709, to teach English to the children of New York's Dutch inhabitants. In 1806 the School was incorporated under the name of the First Protestant Episcopal School of the City of New York, and in 1827 its title was changed to the New York Protestant Episcopal Public School. To Trinity Church belongs the credit of the School's great growth. A board of trustees, of which Dean Hoffman, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix and Col. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger are officers, now manages its affairs.

The building is of the scholastic type of English renaissance. It

was designed by Mr. Charles C. Haight, and will occupy a lot 125 by 100 feet in size. The cost is to be about \$200,000. (The above cut is taken from the *Tribune*.)

A Dinner to Charles Dana Gibson

AS MENTIONED in last week's *Critic*, a number of the friends of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, gave him a dinner at the Aldine Club, on Tuesday evening of last week, on the eve of his



departure for a year in Europe. Mr. R. W. Gilder, editor of *The Century*, presided; and the other friends seated about the long table were Frederick Remington, Richard Harding Davis, T. de Thurlstrup, Thomas F. Clark, Arthur Scribner, Charles Bamburgh, D. Webster Evans, Edward W. Humphreys, Edward H. Walker, C. S. Reinhart, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, Henry T. Thomas, Clarence C. Buel, Robert Howard Russell, Robert Bridges, A. W. Drake, Horace Bradley, A. B. Wentzel, B. West Clinedinst and Dan Beard.

We reproduce a drawing made for the *menu* by Mr. W. T. Smedley, in happy imitation of Mr. Gibson's own familiar and admired style.

A tail-piece, cleverly drawn by Mr. C. S. Reinhart, depicted a quill, a crayon and classic masks with a modern twist.

In the course of the dinner, which was a great success from every point of view, it occurred to Mr. Russell, when Mr. Gibson was being eulogized, that the poor girl on the wharf sadly needed cheering up; so he proposed a toast to her in the following words:—

"Here's to the girl at the end of the wharf,
With the tears in her eyes as she sees Gibson off.
May her prayers follow fast in the steamer's white track,
And may she be happy, when Gibson comes back."

Letters of regret were received from Augustus St. Gaudens, William M. Chase, John C. Van Dyke and others.

A Rose-Tree from Omar's Tomb

The Athenaeum of Oct. 7 prints the following "Inscription" written by Mr. Edmund Gosse for the rose-tree brought by Mr. W. Simpson from Omar Khayyám's tomb and planted on that day on the grave of Edward Fitzgerald at Boulogne, Suffolk:—

"Reign here, triumphant rose from Omar's grave,
Borne by a fakir o'er the Persian wave;
Reign with fresh pride, since here a heart is sleeping
That double glory to your Master gave.

"Hither let many a pilgrim step be bent
To greet the rose re-risen in banishment;
Here richer crimsons may its cup be keeping
Than brimmed it ere from Naishápúr it went."

Almost ten years ago an Englishman took a handful of hips from the rose trees near Omar's grave at Naishápúr—roses planted, as one of his pupils records, in obedience to the poet's wishes. "I

often used to hold conversations with my teacher, Omar Khayyám, in a garden," writes this pupil, "and one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it.'" The handful of rose hips were sent to England and planted, and after several years it was found that one little bush had sprung up into fairly vigorous life. Now, grafted on an English stock, the rose from Omar's grave is growing above the tomb of his translator.

Browning's Democracy

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, in the essay on "The Influence of Democracy," in his recently published "Questions at Issue," remarks:—"The single English poet of high rank whose works seem to me to be distinctly affected by the democratic spirit, nay, to be the direct outcome of the influence of democracy, is Robert Browning. It has scarcely been sufficiently noted by those who criticize the style of that great writer that the entire tone of his writings introduces something hitherto unobserved in English poetry. That something is the repudiation of the recognized oligarchic attitude of the poet in his address to the public. It is not that he writes or does not write of the poor. It is a curious mistake to expect the democratic spirit to be always on its knees adoring the proletariat. To the true democracy all are veritably of equal interest, and even a belted earl may be a man and a brother. In his poems Robert Browning spoke as though he were walking through a world of equals, all interesting to him, all worthy of study. This is the secret of his abrupt familiar appeal, his 'Dare I trust the same to you?' 'Look out, see the gipsy!' 'You would fain be kinglier, say, than I am?'—the incessant confidential aside to a cloud of unnamed witnesses, the conversational tone, things all of which were before his time unknown in serious verse. Browning is hail-fellow-well-met with all the world, from queen to peasant, and half of what is called his dramatic faculty is merely the result of his genius for making friends with every species of mankind."

The Battle Monument at Trenton

AT THE UNVEILING at Trenton, on Oct. 19, of a monument designed by John R. Duncan, surmounted by a statue of Washington designed by William O'Donovan, celebrating the Battle of Trenton, addresses were made by Gov. Werts of New Jersey, Gov. Russell of Massachusetts, Gov. Flower of New York, Gov. Pattison of Pennsylvania, and Gov. Morris of Connecticut; and a poem, of which we quote the last three stanzas, was read by R. W. Gilder:—

- "All ye who fight forlorn
 'Gainst fate and failure; ye who proudly cope
 With evil high enthroned; all ye who scorn
 Life from Dishonor's hand, here take new heart of hope.
- "Here know how Victory borrows
 For the brave soul a front as of disaster,
 And in the bannered East what glorious morrows
 For all the blackness of the night, speed surer, faster.
- "Know by this pillared sign
 For what brief while the powers of earth and hell
 Can war against the spirit of Truth divine,
 Or can against the heroic heart of man prevail."

Current Criticism

THE ENGLISH EDITOR.—M. Zola's views of the gentlemen who write anonymously in the English Press are hardly nearer the mark than those of M. Paul de Cassagnac, who says this week:—"Nothing is more abominable than the writer lying in ambush like a scoundrel, behind the wall of anonymity, and able to pot at you from behind his shelter." No writer is able to carry on this sort of assassination in a reputable English newspaper. Were he ever so willing, his editor would not allow him. The all-important function of the editor, as developed under the English system, is one of the chief points overlooked by M. Zola. The editor embodies in himself all responsibility for the contents of the paper, and as a consequence his function is more vital and his authority greater than it is in France, where his responsibility is diffused amongst writers who sign their articles, and his authority over them proportionately impaired. The editor is the Prime Minister of the English newspaper, and he is the great guarantee against the possible abuses of the anonymous system. No good editor will repress the individuality of his staff, but rather encourage it; but he will repress their possible extravagances and eccentricities and personal animosities—an experience which is good for both writer and paper. With a weak or inefficient editor, with a strong, balanced and sagacious judgment lacking from the direction of affairs, it may be granted that an anonymous newspaper would become a very dangerous sort of nuisance. But the tendency of the

English system has been for this very reason to place most stress on the position of the editor. The editorial faculty has been specialized from the purely literary faculty and set at a higher price, so that often in the editorial department of an English newspaper the most important personage is a man who does not write a line. It is this method of control which has perhaps most largely helped to give to the great English newspapers those qualities of consistency, steadiness and urbanity which so impress foreign observers.—*The Speaker.*

BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.—What I want for the young are books and stories which do not simply deal with our daily life. I prefer "Alice in Wonderland," as a book for children, to those little stories of "Tommies" and "Freddies," which are but little photographs of the lives of "Tommies" and "Freddies" who read the books. I like Grimm's "Fairy Tales" better than little nursery novelettes. I like the fancy even of little children to have some more stimulating food than images of their own little lives; and I confess I am sorry for the children whose imaginations are not sometimes brightened by beautiful fairy tales, or by other tales which carry them to different worlds from those in which their future will be passed. Doubtless boys and girls like photographs of the sayings and doings of other boys and girls—school life sketched with realistic fidelity—and doubtless many young people like love stories similar to those through which they may have to pass themselves. But there is little imagination in all this. The facts are fictitious, but the life is real. Do not misunderstand me. It is not that I wish to combine instruction with amusement in what is often a hopeless alliance. I do not wish to stint young people of amusing books. But I will tell you what I do like for boys and girls. I like to see boys and girls amuse themselves with tales of adventure, with stories of gallant deeds and noble men, with stories of the seas, of mountains, of wars, with descriptions of scenes different from those in which they live.—*Mr. Goschen, in a Recent Public Address.*

THE POETRY OF OLD IRISH LIFE.—I have now given examples of Dr. Hyde's critical prose, and of his prose and verse translations, and must leave him to do the rest himself. As for me, I close the book with much sadness. Those poor peasants lived in a beautiful if somewhat inhospitable world, where little had changed since Adam delved and Eve span. Everything was so old that it was steeped in the heart, and every powerful emotion found at once noble types and symbols for its expression. But we—we live in a world of whirling change, where nothing becomes old and sacred, and our powerful emotions, unless we be highly-trained artists, express themselves in vulgar types and symbols. The soul then had but to stretch out its arms to fill them with beauty, but now all manner of heterogeneous ugliness has beset us. A peasant had then but to stand in his own door and think of his sweetheart and of his sorrow, and take from the scene about him and from the common events of his life types and symbols, and behold, if chance was a little kind, he had made a poem to humble generations of the proud. And we—we labor and labor, and spend days over a stanza or a paragraph, and at the end of it have made, likely as not, a mere bundle of phrases. Yet perhaps this very stubborn uncomeliness of life, divorced from hill and field, has made us feel the beauty of these songs in a way the people who made them did not, despite their proverb,

"A tune is more lasting than the song of the birds,
 A word is more lasting than the riches of the world."

We stand outside the wall of Eden and hear the trees talking together within, and their talk is sweet in our ears.—*W. B. Yeats, in The Bookman.*

ON WRITING ONE'S RECOLLECTIONS.—Who shall decide how far a man is justified in writing his own recollections? An active and stirring life; a prominent place in politics or in war; a life successfully spent in scientific research and discovery; an honorable position in literature, science and art; a life of adventure and travel; any one of these undoubtedly entitles a man to write his own memoirs. Or a man, himself of small or ephemeral reputation, may gather together memories of greater men than himself, whose society he has enjoyed. Or a man of no great account may so far exaggerate his own importance as to think the world eager to learn where he was educated, who were his forefathers, and by what steps he had achieved his imaginary greatness. Or, again, a man may frankly say that a faithful portraiture of a human soul, even of apparently small importance, cannot be without its uses. Any of these excuses may be made for an autobiography. If the work produced is pleasant and amusing and exciting, any of these excuses will be accepted. When a man, indeed, has a good tale to tell about himself; or when a man knows that his life will most

certainly be written after his death; and when such a man reflects upon the thousand and one interesting things about himself which he alone knows, and upon the other thousand and one things which will certainly be told wrongly or imperfectly, or so as to produce an impression opposite to that which the subject of the memoir desires, it is only wonderful that every man—literary, political or artistic—who engages, or thinks he engages, for himself any portion of the attention and thought of his fellow-creatures, does not at once, and while there is yet time, sit down to write his reminiscences and his memoirs.—*The Saturday Review*.

Notes

MR. LANG'S new fairy-story will be entitled "Prince Ricardo of Pantoufia, being the Adventures of Prince Prigio's Son." The story, as conveyed by the title, is a continuation of Mr. Lang's "Prince Prigio," published some two years ago. It will be fully illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne.

—The illustrations by Hugh Thomson in the Macmillans' edition of Miss Mitford's "Our Village" will be 100 in number. Anne Thackeray Ritchie is to write an introduction for it.

—From *The Pall Mall Budget* we learn that Mr. David Douglas's edition of "The Letters of Sir Walter Scott" will be issued about the middle of November, in two volumes, each containing some 450 pages. The letters were written between 1797 and 1825, when the "Journal" begins, by whose publication Mr. Douglas performed so signal a service to literature. They were addressed to Scott's family and to his intimate friends, and only a few of them have already been printed.

—Says the London *Literary World*:—"25,000*l.* for the copyright of an ex-Imperial Chancellor's memoirs is not a bad price, and if the report be true that Prince Bismarck has obtained it from a firm of German publishers, we congratulate him on an excellent stroke of business. Gen. Gordon's family got only 6000*l.* for his famous Diary, and we fancy that that was almost too much."

—Miss Ellen Terry's "Stray Memories," which will shortly be published, are described by Mr. Heinemann, their publisher, as being "of a peculiarly intimate and delicate nature; and, while they give a charming view of her own personality, they permit the reader at the same time to catch a glimpse of her home, her surroundings, her habits of life, etc. They are confidential and at the same time anecdotal, and sometimes also reflective."

—Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger ("Julien Gordon") has just completed her sixth novel (not counting the two striking sketches called "Vampires" and "Mademoiselle Réséda"). She is now engaged in translating an Italian novel of a sprightly and somewhat humorous character.

—It seems we were wrong in saying, last week, that Mr. George A. Hibbard's "Nowadays, and Other Stories" is made up of stories published previously in the magazines. The only one of the tales that has been so published is the first one in the book ("Nowadays"), which is also one of the best.

—The officers of the World's Columbian Exposition Committee of the American Library Association announce that the Association will assume no responsibility for any further exhibitions of the Model Library prepared by the Committee for the World's Fair. The collection of books becomes the property of the Bureau of Education on Nov. 1, and is ultimately to be deposited at Washington, as a part of the permanent exhibit of the Bureau.

—It is said that Mr. J. J. Little, receiver of the Worthington Co., will wind up the affairs of that firm at once.

—The new *édition de luxe* of the Standard Book of Common Prayer will soon be off the De Vinne Press. The method of decoration and symbolism was arranged by Mr. D. B. Updike of Boston, joint author of "On the Dedications of American Churches," who for the last twelve years has been connected with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—Early in 1894 publication will be begun at Princeton of a magazine to be called *The Psychological Review*. The editors will be Professors J. Mark Baldwin of Princeton and J. M. Cattell of Columbia; assisted by Professors A. Binot of Paris, James of Harvard, Ladd of Yale, Fullerton of Pennsylvania, Donaldson of Chicago, Dewey of Michigan and Muensterberg of Harvard.

—Five concerts will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under their new director, Mr. Emil Paur, at Music Hall, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 8, and Thursday evenings, Dec. 14, Jan. 11, Feb. 8 and March 29.

—The monument to Kit Marlowe, not long ago erected in his native town of Canterbury, does not please the townspeople, who

disapprove of the sculptured Muse which decorates the memorial. A request for a photograph of this monument at a Canterbury shop turned rigid the venerable dame who attended. "Dear me, no!" she said acridly, "there would be no sale for that!" "No, we don't take any interest in it here. I know Irving, the actor, came down at the time and made a speech about it, and that's all I do know. But it's been rarely laughed at since! We all of us much preferred our old butter market."

—The death is announced of Mrs. Ireland, the wife of Mr. Alexander Ireland, formerly of the *Manchester Examiner* and author of the "Book-Lover's Enchiridion." She was well known in the literary world, and was a frequent contributor to the press as well as a writer of books, among them a life of Jane Welsh Carlyle.

—Cleopatra's Needle, in Central Park, was capped by a gold thimble, on the afternoon of Oct. 18. The cap is of zinc, gold-plated, and is intended less for ornament than for protection.

—Brentano's announce reprints of "The Memoirs of a London Doll" and "The Doll and her Friends," two children's books by Mrs. Fairstar that appeared in London over fifty years ago, and for two generations retained their popularity. They have in press also "Modern Scientific Whist," by C. D. P. Hamilton.

—"The Literary Study of the Bible," an account of the leading forms of literature represented in the sacred writings, intended for English readers, by Richard G. Moulton, is soon to be published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

—"In that most interesting article in the October *New England Magazine*, 'The Literary Associations of Berkshire,' I missed," writes "California," "the name of E. W. B. Canning of Stockbridge. I feel sure there are many of the girls and boys of that time, scattered throughout the United States, who looked in vain for the mention of the gentle poet and beloved Master of the old William's Academy."

—R. B. writes from Newport, R. I.:—"May I suggest through your columns to Messrs. Appleton that in future editions of 'Maxwell Gray's' works they spell the pseudonym as the English publishers do (*vis.*, Gray not Grey), and so relieve librarians of some unnecessary labor in correcting the title-pages?"

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day a Holiday Edition, in two volumes, of Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"; an *édition de luxe* of the same; two more volumes in the Riverside Edition of the Works of Henry D. Thoreau; "Letters of Asa Gray," edited by Jane Loring Gray; and Vol. XIV. of "The Gentleman's Magazine Library," containing Part IV. of "English Topography."

—Mrs. Celia Thaxter's cottage on the Isle of Shoals is described by *The Chautauquan* as perched on a rock, half hidden in vines and surrounded by old-fashioned flowers. Along the garden path walks the poet in her soft gray gown. "Her figure has the grace, her step the elasticity of youth, hardly belied by the masses of white hair above her broad forehead. She has the keenness of an observer of nature and her musical voice speaks a sympathetic spirit."

—Mr. Hall Caine's new novel is to be illustrated by Mr. Fred Pegrem, who has been with him in the Isle of Man, for a month or more.

—The finest collection of William Penn MSS. in existence is reported to be the property of F. J. Dreer, of Philadelphia. Mr. Dreer also owns eighty-three letters of Washington—thirteen of which were written before the Revolution and one when Washington was only twelve years old. One of the letters in this collection is dated the day before Washington's death.

—The forthcoming edition of Sir Richard Burton's complete and literal translation of the *Carmina* of Catullus is to be printed on handsome paper from old-faced type cast expressly for the purpose, and to be destroyed immediately after production. It will have for frontispiece an etching of Blake's portrait of Catullus. The issue will in no case exceed the number of 1500 copies, and will be limited to private subscribers. There are to be a few large-paper copies, and four copies on Japanese vellum, which are not for sale. The volume will contain many curious and out-of-the-way annotations.

—Miss Marie Corelli, the favorite novelist of the Queen of England, will, it is said, be her own publisher hereafter. In a recent autobiographical sketch Miss Corelli says that since she began her career, six years ago, she has "never had a word of open encouragement or kindness from any leading English critic." In spite of this she has written and prospered, as who should not who has the seal of Her Majesty's approval!

—The first paper to be printed in English in Egypt is *The Sphinx*, which is about to be established at Cairo by an American, David Garrick Longworth. The paper will be a sphinx only in name, for

it proposes to speak boldly and often, on all subjects of interest to England and the United States.

"We mentioned last week," says *The Westminster Budget*, "that Miss Olive Schreiner had arranged before her departure from England for the publication of another book. The name of the work, however, will not be 'A Woman's Rose,' as has been reported. It will be called 'Dream Life and Real Life,' and will appear in the Pseudonym Library at the end of the present month. The first story in the book will represent her earliest literary work, and the last story her latest. The book will be dedicated to Miss Schreiner's brother, Mr. William Schreiner, Q.C., at present Attorney-General at the Cape."

—The anonymous giver of the Zarncke Library of 13,000 volumes to Cornell University, proves to be William H. Sage, one of the Trustees of the University and a son of Henry W. Sage, Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

—From *The Publisher's Weekly* we learn that the architect of the Scribner building will be Mr. Ernest Flagg, who designed the new St. Luke's Hospital on Morningside Heights, and the Corcoran Art Gallery, in Washington. The building will be either six or seven stories high and fire-proof throughout, and it will cost between \$175,000 and \$200,000. The front elevation will be, for the first story, a light stone like the Indiana limestone; the upper stories will be of brick. The first floor will be occupied by the retail departments, and above will be the quarters of the publishing business, the magazine and subscription departments. The building will not be without architectural pretensions, and will probably be in the style of the French Renaissance. As the lease of the old quarters at 743 Broadway expires next May, it is likely that work on the new building will be begun at once.

—Capt. Charles King's "Sergeant Croesus" is coming out next week as a *Lippincott's* "complete novel."

—Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the author of "America," passed his eighty-fifth birthday last week at his home in Newton Centre, Mass., near Boston. He is active and alert, and visited the World's Fair during the summer. Since his return from a long trip abroad, ten years ago, Dr. Smith has been actively engaged in literary pursuits and religious work.

—Mr. George Kennan has written a story taken from real life and framed it as a psychological study. "John Henderson, Artist" will appear in *The Century*.

—John Sartain, the engraver, celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on Tuesday last. The Philadelphia *Record* believes that "no living artist has done more for the advancement of the profession in America than Mr. Sartain. In 1828 he began the practice of mezzotints, and thereafter seldom resumed the art he had first learned in its purity, but combined it with stipple and mezzotint. Mr. Sartain at one time occupied a prominent place in the magazine world.

—H. P. A. writes to us from Beacon street, Boston, as follows:—"Will you allow me to suggest that the words 'Bon-bons' and 'Bon-mots,' as used on p. 221 of your issue of Oct. 7, are not French, nor do they belong to any other language. You will find in Théophile Gautier 'Avez-vous peur que les bonbons ne vous fassent tomber les dents?' and in a letter from Voltaire to Mme. du Deffant (March 7, 1764), 'Vous dites des bons mots et moi je fais de mauvais contes.' These two quotations give the only correct form of the two expressions above criticized. Our correspondent evidently does not know that *bon-bon* is now an English word, (see "The Century Dictionary"), and that "Bon-mots" is the title of one of the books discussed. It may interest him to know that the writer of the review (including the headline), is a Professor of Modern Languages in one of our oldest colleges, and the author of a volume on French syntax which has been highly praised by Prof. Whitney.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTIONS

1726.—Perhaps some student of antiquity among your readers will answer a question that occurred to me in reading a note of Leigh Hunt's, appended on a page of "Zadig," one of the Satires of Voltaire, which may be found in the collection of "Classic Tales," edited by Hunt, published in America by White & Allen, New York. The note reads: "Berosus, in his account of the Babylonian antiquities, says, that in the beginning of the Chaldean Empire an animal called Oannes came out of the Red Sea. He had the body of a fish, with the head and feet of a man. He conversed with the people, and imparted to them the knowledge of letters, arts and sciences. He taught them to form societies, build cities, erect

temples, measure and cultivate lands; in a word, civilized the whole nation. However, he neither ate nor drank with them, and at sunset always retired into the sea. The fable probably alludes to some strangers who arrived on the coast, in a ship, and took some pains to humanize the barbarous inhabitants." This surmise suggested to me the question, whether the presumably naked or ill-clad barbarians might not have taken for fish-scales the armor possibly worn by their strange advisers, covering their bodies, except heads and feet.

BOSTON, MASS.

W. S. B.

1727.—An obsolete meaning of "corpse" is, "a body, living or dead." Can you give me an instance of the use of "corpse" as living?

SO. ORANGE, N. J.

H. W.

[This line occurs in Spenser's "In Honour of Beattie" —

"Therefore where-ever that thou doest behold

A comely corpse," etc.

And this, in "Paradise Lost," Book X, l. 601:—

"This vast, un-hidebound corpse,"]

1728.—1. Will some one who can remember names supply the remainder of this title: "The Brownie of — burn? The book is a little Scottish tale of the times of religious persecutions, and possesses touches not unlike some parts of "The Little Minister." —2. I had a fancy, when reading Henry Fuller's "Chateleine of La Trinité," that he never meant the story for a novel, but for an allegory. Am I totally wrong? I have seen no suggestion of this in any review.

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C. A. L.

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